

OUR NEXT EDITION WILL BE THE XMAS WAR CRY

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

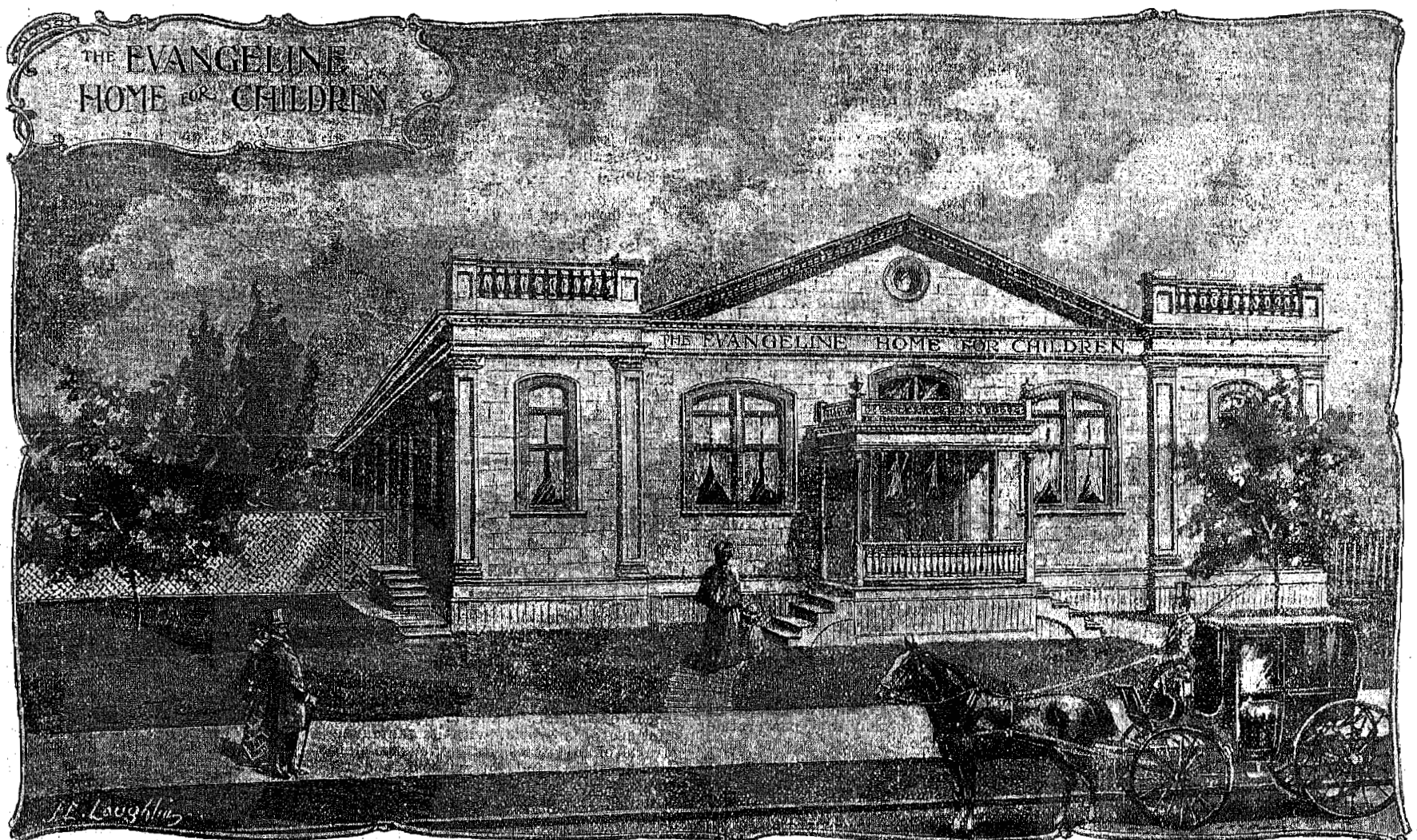
16th Year. No. 11.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



MAJOR SMEETON,
who superintended the alteration and re-
fitting of the building now known as the
"Evangeline Home."



The Evangeline Home is the converted "Old Number One" (Richmond Street) barracks, of Toronto. The building was becoming very unsuitable for public meetings; besides, the growth of the city makes it a very undesirable position for a barracks. As a Children's Home it gives excellent accommodation—such as

good, spacious play-rooms, sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, office and officers' bed-rooms, and is altogether a very creditable edifice. There is a large sodded plot on one side for out-door exercise. It is a model home for children, and deserves to be classed with the model Rescue Home, on Yonge Street.



ANGELINA,
given to the Army by her dying mother.
For this kind the Home is in operation.

Australasia — Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XXI.

DARK CURTAINS.

What we have already stated respecting the work of the Army in Australia among the criminal section of its society, may with equal, if not greater, force be applied to its efforts in reforming and saving the Magdalenes. Commissioner Pollard points with just pride to the expansion and management of this branch of the Army. It has steadily developed. Colonel Barker gave it its first impetus, and in Commissioner Howard he was warmly supported. Commissioner Coombs followed on the same lines, and, simultaneously with Mrs. Herbert Booth's arrival in Melbourne, there sprang up a hope that it would be considerably strengthened—a hope which has been surprisingly realized. In no country in the world have we more spacious and suitable buildings, healthy surroundings and local and general support, and it would be invidious to say other of its management than that it is highly efficient, defying criticism, and securing the favor and practical help of the various Governments.

Contrasts.

No allusion to this work would, however, be complete without touching upon the causes which make for vice and immorality in these fair lands. An Englishman who, for the first time, runs through the colonies is profoundly impressed by the absence of certain disfigurements in its social life, as compared with the Mother Country. Sunday is a day of universal repose and decorum. The blazing, open, and overcrowded drinking-saloons of England have no replica in Australia, except in a few places. The low, dingy beer-tap is unknown. You may live for twelve months in the city, or in the bush, and never see a woman cross the door of a whiskey-shop. Dilapidated, dishevelled, brawling, drunken women are only occasionally seen. A positive respectability, comfort, and luxury mark the general appearance of things, and, until the dark curtains of sin are discovered, you imagine that here, if anywhere, Paradise will be regained, Utopia established, and the Millennium ushered in.

The Colonial Woman.

Draw nearer to the people in the mass, and this rosy view of the future will not disappear from the vision. The Australian woman, like the American, is an emancipation. She carries with her the refinement and culture of a superior education and environment. The greater social liberty of the colonies moderates her impetuosity, chastens her speech, and gives her lady-like standing. The slut is a remnant of another generation. She does not thrive under the dazzling sun of the Australian colonies. Dirt and squalor are to be found, but you have to search for these impedimenta. The voice of the blasphemer and the drunkard may also be heard, but not with the lustiness of a coster in the Old Kent Road, nor in such numbers as are to be met with in some of our mining hills and valleys.

Nevertheless, Australia sows every year a harvest of vice which is at once a shame and problem to its best friends. The absence of an outward degradation, unfortunately, is here no proof of a much higher type of civilization or morality. That Australia possesses a higher, we frankly and cheerfully concede; but it has not, we regret to say (on the testimony of such keen and close observers of men and things as the officers whose names we have just mentioned), reached that standard which makes the need of Rescue and Maternity Homes comparatively small.

There are at work in Australia powerful degenerating causes. The growth and fascination of the city ideal, with all the concomitants of fast living, pleasure and debauchery, have counteracted the influences in favor of rural and village life.

The reduction of the hours of labor and the equality of the wage-earning community have not tended, on the whole, to a wise use of the leisure at their command. Human nature will have an outlet for its animal craving, unless controlled by the higher office of the mind or disciplined or sanctified by grace. Hence, gambling is a huge mania in Australia among all classes, and, alas! the evils which follow in its train are seldom dissociated from those which allure its weakest victims into the meshes of vice and the seething caldron of prostitution; and if it is to realize the dreams of its noblest statesmen and best sons and daughters, it will have to grasp more firmly than ever this monstrous social evil.

The pioneers of the Army early foresaw the dangers ahead and founded a Rescue Agency, which has grown to such a dimension that, when the General was last in Australia, the Commandant had the honor of handing to our Leader the following disposition of its operations, viz.:

Women in Homes at beginning of year	178
Infants in Homes at beginning of year	32
Total number admitted	840
From Prisons and Police Courts	259
Off streets and by application	581
Restored to parents and friends	173
Sent to situations	316
Sent to Hospitals	36
Sent to other Homes	43
Left unsatisfactory	99
Left to seek work	132
Children died	9
Women in Homes at end of year	201
Infants in Homes at end of year	30
Meetings held	1,076
Inmates converted	512
Number of meals supplied	253,207
Number of beds supplied	93,265
Accommodation of Homes	296

Three satisfactory things are suggested by this fine table of work done. The first is the active and practical co-operation which evidently exists between the magistrate and the Army officer. A girl who pleads for a chance, and who is willing to submit herself to the care and discipline of one of our Homes for one or two months, is certain, unless her crime is exceptional, to be leniently dealt with by the stipendiary. During twelve months, 269 were in this manner, and by the influence of the officer in her prison visitation, brought under the benign and useful rule of our Rescue Homes. The other is the grand total of 581 who were admitted to the Rescue Homes by application and direct from the streets. The Salvation Army is an open-air army. If it were an organization which confined its operations within the four walls of a comfortable Citadel, it is not exaggeration to say that fifty per cent. of the women who fly to our banner in the hour of sorrow and remorse, would go down the stream of despair and prolong their agonies and multiply their kind.

The other satisfactory item, in the above is the number who professed salvation—512 out of a total of 840!

Now, conversion with us means change—a manifest alteration in the life and conduct. It does not merely represent a profession of repentance and faith at an altar or penitent form, so that the fact that 512 women, more or less dissolute in habit, blunted in their moral sense, and the victims of cruel and physical injury, are put down as converted, shows that the Rescue officers in Australia are made of the right material. What this conversion means will, perhaps, be best understood in the following incident:—

"One of the brightest cases we have to tell of is that of Myra N—, who was ruined at an early age, and ran from home, seeking the protection of the Salvation Army to shield her from the sneers and taunts of the cold, cruel world. With this end in view, she tramped on and on for a distance of over twenty miles, in order to reach the nearest large town, where admission to our Maternity Home was obtained. Very soon the little babe opened its eyes upon a world in which it was destined to remain but a short time, for only five months after God took it to Himself. Out of poor Myra's sorrow has sprung up that which has changed the whole course of her life; keeping her eyes ever fixed heavenwards, she rejoices in the hope that one day, by the light of God, which sheds its rays upon her hitherto unclouded existence, she will meet her little one once more."

(To be continued.)

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Our St. Johns' Correspondent.

Mr. Robt. Pittman, of St. Johns, Nfld., is an old War Cry correspondent, whose copy is always welcome in the Editorial office. He has two daughters in the work now. He writes: "Captain Pittman, now in Houlton, Me., is my daughter, and I have another just going into the S. A. work here. God bless and give them success; they are at my heart." And God bless their worthy father, the Editor adds.

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Boer and Briton

Among the Self-Denial cards that were handed in at the Temple, the one of Daddy Watkins' was especially remarkable. It contained contributions of five and ten cents each from Buller, Jonbert, Boer, Kruger, Stein, Milner, etc. This historic document is in possession of Staff-Capt. Archibald, who will doubtless sell it at a reasonable sum to any wealthy curio-collector.

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Alaskan Advances.

Adj. McGill and his worthy wife are in for bringing their work up to high-water mark. They have started the Junior work with four companies. Well done! Other Western corps do likewise. The special weekly meetings for Indians are a grand success and the converts already gained are turning out very satisfactory.

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"The Bishop and the Boy."

"Be it known unto all men at Headquarters, and all other quarters, that on the 29th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, that a fine boy cadet arrived in the home of Adj. Blackburn to help in the wind-up of Self-Denial. He has started to sing already. The mother is as well as can be expected."

"Our S.-D. target is all O. K. now.—As ever yours, S. Blackburn, Adj."

Times' Stream

(A DREAM.)

I stood upon the shores of Time and watched the stream sweep onward to eternity. A beautiful stranger stood beside me, the like of whom I had never seen before. I knew, instinctively, that my companion was not as myself, a prisoner of matter, bound to this smelting furnace of a world, with its tantalizing tangle of mysteries, its glorious possibilities for love, and for wisdom, and for holiness, its awful and incomprehensible failures, its seeming anarchy of giant forces, its frightful babel and mental chaos, its mad strife, its selfishness, pride, and hatred, and its darkness, misery, and despair.

I felt no fear, because my soul felt no condemnation, and because I saw a love in the eyes of my companion too tender and too deep for words.

I turned and asked concerning Time's river, which flows so restlessly at our speed—some scarcely moving, while others bound? And he replied, "It is a parenthesis, or bridge, between two eternities. Look thou at the river, mark well what thou seest and receive instruction."

I looked, and lo! the river was tumbling with human life. Some battling against the current, others floating smoothly and aimlessly down.

Those who stemmed the fierce tide were forging ahead at various rates of speed—some scarcely moving, while others cut their way by sheer force through the rapid, rolling waters, outstripping the rest, passing them one by one, cheering the weak and faltering ones as they passed, but pressing onward as though racing for a prize.

I said, "Why do these go so fast while others scarcely move, and why not all float with the stream, it is so much easier?"

Living Souls.

"Those who stem the current," replied my companion, "are living souls. With them are hidden mighty hidden forces. These forces are available to faith, and in a deeper sense to love. Those you see travelling so fast, see the goal. They

know God, and with the eyes of the soul they, in some measure, see Him. Nevertheless, they have much to learn yet. Those who move so slowly are Christ's little ones. The terrific force of the current frightens them, and their weak faith is scarcely more than equal to the powerful forces they battle with. Still, they are turned the right way, and they will develop faith and power as they advance. The rest I will tell you about later on."

Just then I noticed a woman, pale, tired, and worn, with a great, great love shining through the windows of her soul, and a strange, bright light reflected from her face, so I had to shut my eyes to see. She held very tenderly, with one arm, a wounded sister, while with the other she fought her way calmly against the mad turbulent stream.

Just then a party of moustrosities—half devil, half beast—came floating down the stream and flung themselves athwart the woman's course, as if determined to sweep one or both down stream with them. I trembled, but she kept on, and I heard her mutter through set teeth, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," while a look of calm, sweet trust beamed in her eyes, and the mad mob met them and buffeted them, and they sank beneath the surface, wounded, weak, and faint, yet still facing the downward sweep and breast- ing the powerful current.

After a little I saw her rise to the surface again, and I could not bear to look at the woman's face, it was so beautiful and shone with such intense brightness. I turned to the angel at my side and muttered through my tears, "Noble souls, through opposition rise from disaster and defeat the stronger!" And when I looked again I marvelled greatly, for the woman was still pressing on, still holding her wounded sister, and "her strength was as the strength of ten."

Perfect Love.

I said, "What is this?" and the angel replied, "It is the perfect love. No power can withstand it. She does not feel the drag of the waters now. She will pass the fleetest of Pilgrim Swimmers. Sometimes the last are first, and the first may be last."

"But what of those who drift so easily down with the tide?" I asked.

"Look and see," he answered, and he touched my eyes. Immediately I seemed to possess an intensity of vision, somewhat like the power of the X rays. Matter became transparent, like glass, and the soul was revealed to me. They were not like human beings at all. They resembled the lower order of the brute creation. Some were like foxes, others like wolves. Some again had the form of swine, and hyenas. A great many had the appearance of vultures and vampires, all had the shape or beak of birds of prey. I questioned my companion concerning the reason, and he replied:

"Exactly as the dead refuse is carried down to the sea by the current of mountain streams, so the dead waste of humanity floats down the stream of time. There is one difference. The human brute, rich or poor, wise or simple, may be changed. Christ died for him. He may turn from his wickedness and live, and in the power of Divine life he may stem life's current and reach an eternity of love."—K.

Who Follows in His Train?

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called him on to save;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.

My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

Gratifying Results.

Monday, 6th.

Said farewell to Berlin with real reluctance. It has been one of the most remarkable Campaigns in my life. In seven days I held ten Public and three Officers' Meetings. At the former we had 360 at the Mercy-Seat, 220 of whom were people who had never been to the Penitent-Form before—nay, the majority had never before attended a Salvation Army meeting. Of the rest, some were confessed Backsliders, while others came out for a clean heart, or to offer themselves for officership.

These results I look upon as very gratifying. Verily, verily, God is good, and all the glory belongs to Him. I must praise Him more, and look and live for still greater things.

The journey from Berlin to Flushing is ordinarily a very fatiguing one, lasting twelve hours; and, although done this time under favorable circumstances, I was no little weary when I boarded the Steamer near upon midnight. Had a quiet passage, and reached London the next morning at nine o'clock.

Tuesday, 7th.

Finished Article, entitled, "All about the Local Officer," for the Magazine devoted to the interests of that important body of officers. I wonder how far the Local Officer reads his own Magazine, and further, I wonder how far he has profited by it? So impressed am I with his importance that I am determined to do all I can to make his own Journal instructive, inspiring, and useful. The least the Locals can do in return will be to read it.

About the last thing to-day is the arrival of a cable from Australia stating that their Self-Denial Week had realized the magnificent sum of £27,100, and a magnificent sum it is, considering that it comes from a population of under Five Millions, not more than an eighth of that of the British Isles. Well done, Australia, and well done, Commandant, and well done, every Officer, Soldier and Friend concerned! This is another link in the chain that binds you to my heart, for it means more help for the perishing Millions of the Heathen World.

Week-End at Swindon.

Saturday, 11th.

I must away again. Life seems all too short for the despatch of the business that devolves on my shoulders. The labour of "passing the time away," which some people find so difficult, is all unknown to me. My difficulty is to get the work into the hours allotted me. 2 p.m.—Swindon is my destination to-day. Some of my readers will remember my visit to this town fifteen months ago, and, remembering it, will wonder why I have gone back again so soon when their places are passed by. So I had better say, by way of explanation, that, some change in my Continental Campaign having left this particular Sabbath unoccupied, and not being willing to be idle, I allowed them to put Swindon in at the last minute.

7 o'clock.—Local Officers. About 120 present. Would have looked well if fully half of them had not been out of Uniform. That was a pity. Still, I felt as though they had the ring of good metal. I tried to cheer, encourage and stimulate them, by pushing them up, among other things, to the realization that they were Officers indeed and of a truth, and that they therefore ought to qualify themselves for the mighty work that lay before them.

7.45.—Soldiers' Meeting in the comfortable Barracks, which would have been excellently adapted for the gathering if we could only have had a reasonable allowance of fresh air. Oh! Architects, Architects, how many talkers (useful and otherwise) have you hurried into eternity by the filthy, poisonous gases you have compelled them to inhale while giving out the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn, or such as they think do so!

The audience—strictly confined, they tell me, to Soldiers and Ex-soldiers—was mostly men, and would have been most impressive if they had only been properly dressed—that is, in Salvation Clothes.

of no concern? If such a reader does say such a thing he talks nonsense, and talks contrary to the practice of all human kind. Is there a man or a woman on the face of the earth to-day who does not stop to consider what kind of clothes he will put on—that is, if he has any choice in the matter—and that in view of the impression he will be likely to make thereby, for good or ill, on the little world around him.

What would a King be without his Royal Apparel, a Judge without his Gown and Wig, a Queen's Soldier without his Uniform, or a Policeman without his Helmet? Not that the Royal Apparel makes the King, the gown and Wig the Judge, the Uniform the Soldier, or the Helmet the Policeman. But they signify—that is, they proclaim—their respective Offices to all beholders.

Just so, every Salvationist should not only be known, but should publish his Master and his Master's Salvation by his dress. I would have the house in which he lived published as a House of Mercy by a Flag by day and a coloured lamp by night. So should the said Salvationist appear truly as a candle in a candlestick, a city set on a hill.

I think we did something to-night that ought to revive the love for the dear old Uniform, and to increase the little courage necessary for the wearing of it; anyway, I know of one dear Local who looked up her bonnet, and came out looking ten years younger in it the next afternoon. Oh, Swindon, you must mend your ways on this matter of Clothes!

But to return. The Saturday Night's meeting grew in faith and hope and feeling as we went along, and finished up with seventeen at the Mercy-Seat, some of them long-time Wanderers from the Fold.

In the Theatre.

Sunday.

The Queen's Theatre is a charming place for talking. If I could always have such buildings for my exercises it would add years to my life. Talking to-day, so far as the physical exertion is concerned, has been a real joy, although I have not been in the highest of spirits.

The audiences were good. In the afternoon the Orderlies at the doors said "Do any of my readers say that Clothes are an unimportant matter, that if your heart be right the raiment is a matter

the people turned away would have filled the place over again, while at night we were fuller than that ever.

The congregations were what I like, inasmuch as they were fairly representative of all classes. We had the Respectables in the Select Seats, and the Working-men by the hundreds. We had Publicans and their Customers—drunk and sober. We had people who sit in Gallery, Pit and Boxes on the week-night, and the Performers who acted on the stage for their amusement, most of the Company who had been acting "The Belle of New York," being present.

No crowds ever listened to my voice much more attentively, solemnly, and with more apparent thoughtfulness, and, as the result, conviction seemed to be everywhere. But the responses were not what I hoped for. Still, it was a matter for praise and thanksgiving to God. Some of my comrades look at the whole effort as a glorious triumph, considering that they had only five days in which to make the visit known to the Public. Perhaps I am more difficult to satisfy; anyway, I hope that Major Cox, who is continuing the meetings, will reap some fruit for which I have sown the seed.

Here are some interesting papers setting forth the results of the two visits:

Fifteen Months Ago

there were 70 at the Mercy-Seat, of which there were added—

20 Soldiers to No. I Corps.
5 to No. II.
6 to No. III.
15, at least, to surrounding Corps.
That is, 46 out of 70.

While at No. I Corps the band was revived, newly Uniformed, and, generally speaking, made over again, and right earnestly and capably they helped me yesterday.

Visit Just Closed.

No. at Penitent-Form—
Men 35
Women ... 39

Total .. 74

Of these there were seekers of—

Salvation ... 53
Holiness ... 14
Backsliders . 7

Total 74

Of these, 45 promised to become Soldiers, and put on ribbon on the spot.

Where did they come from?—

35 attend the barracks.
25 Church and Chapel.
14 Nowhere.

War on a Salvationist.

A Disgraceful Scene in Quebec.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

Quebec, Nov. 25.—With evident gusto, several of the French papers here last evening report in the following terms a disgraceful incident that occurred on Thursday night last in St. Roch's: There was quite a commotion at 8:30 last night at the foot of Cote d'Abraham, where a crowd of several hundred people had collected. After enquiry, it was learned that the whole rumpus was over one of the Salvation Army girls—there was a great festivity at the barracks on Thursday night—who had taken the liberty of making an incursion into St. Roch's, the most French-Canadian part of the city, in order to evangelize the people there, and to lead after her to the Army's headquarters, on Palace Hill, all who might be seduced by her fine words. Unhappily, our people, who do not hanker after such appeals to hypocrisy, took a different view of the matter and the neophyte was forced to take refuge in a store in order to escape from the crowd, who threatened to make it unpleasant for her, to say the least. After waiting a good hour, as the Salvation Army lady was not in a hurry to make her reappearance, the witnesses of this woman-hunt dwindled away little by little, and the cause of all the trouble finally made her escape on a street car. Here is one, assuredly, who will remember her visit to St. Roch's.

Quebec, Nov. 25.—The "Soleil," the French Liberal organ here, has the manliness to refer to the disgraceful attack in the following terms, which do it infinite credit: Frankly, we cannot understand how our population, usually so intelligent, can allow themselves to commit such acts as those which we witnessed lately. A poor woman belonging to a sect of some kind was passing through the street in the costume of her order. Some blackguards commenced to insult her; it did not need more to collect a crowd and we do not know what might have happened had not a French-Canadian citizen had the kindness to give her shelter in his house. We might relate other details which have come to our knowledge, but in regard to which we deem silence the best course for the presence.

(We touch our hat to "Soleil."—Ed.)

He that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves, not only praise for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears.—Sir W. Scott.



Cadets in Training at the Toronto Garrisons.

[See Cadets' Corner, p. 4.]

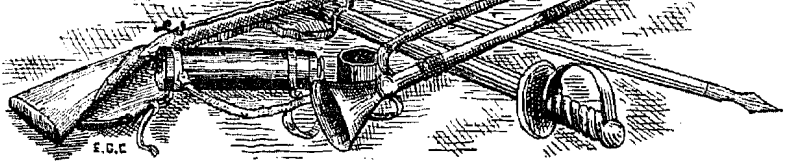
Capt. Nyland and Staff-Capt. Archibald,
Men's Training Garrison.

Colonel Jacobs,
Chief Secretary.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanyon,
Training Secretary.

Adj't. DesBrisay and Capt. Stephens,
Women's Training Garrison.

AMMUNITION



Weekly Watchword:

→ Knowledge.

"Unite meekness with wisdom. Wisdom is mighty, meekness is mighty, but the 'meekness of wisdom' is almighty."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Knowledge, the Gift of God.—Eccl. ii. 26.

Wisdom is first and last the endowment of God. While man may apply his mind to the study of the mysteries of the Highest, the actual revelation must ever and always come from above. Heavenly wisdom is a gift that God is anxious to bestow upon all His children. Ignorance is no excuse in His eyes when knowledge was attainable.

MONDAY.

The Value of Knowledge.—Prov. i. 4-7.

Knowledge is only despised by fools. The power which understanding lends is not to be held lightly by the soldier of the Cross. The skill with which he wields his heavenly weapons and the success which he achieves will be largely in proportion to the wisdom which controls his actions. Foolish heads make weak fighters.

TUESDAY.

Knowledge Sought.—II. Peter i. 5.

No learning of value is received by the lazy soul. If the mind is to be enlightened by the radiance of heavenly knowledge the mind must concentrate itself upon the things of God. If the heart is to be made quick and sensitive by that spiritual understanding which is the sign of a spirit in union with the Cross, the heart must be continually communing with the source of all Wisdom and Grace.

WEDNESDAY.

The Responsibility of Knowledge.—Jas. iv. 17.

The possession of this wonderful gift brings down upon the head a degree of heavy responsibility. To know the will of God should always be to do it. To those whom God has enlightened will He look to see the fulfillment of His purposes in their lives and service for the salvation of the world.

THURSDAY.

The Abuse of Knowledge.—Rom. i. 21-22.

Knowledge abused turns any soul's great blessing into that soul's great curse. To possess the knowledge which shows the way to heaven, and yet to so disregard it as to take the downward track is a sin which brings heavy consequences and eternal in its train.

FRIDAY.

A Want of Knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

Lack of wisdom gives the key to a great many of the failures in the Kingdom of God to-day. Men get into spiritual muddles and make terrible mistakes in the disposal of their life service because they do not know, when God has given them every opportunity to acquaint themselves with the instruction necessary to make the road to the skies a safe and successful one.

SATURDAY.

The Imperfection of Human Knowledge.—I. Cor. i. 10.

Worldly wisdom is of no count in the Kingdom of God. It cannot lend discretion in questions between right and

wrong, it cannot teach the conscience the essentials of Christianity, it cannot assist the soul to the knowledge of its Creator. The child of God should seek the quickening of the Holy Ghost upon his intellect, which will make him wise in things essential and eternal.



THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Rev. xxi. 1-16.

While we would discourage the sentimental dreamer who loses his sense of present-day responsibility in the anticipation of coming reward, we cannot gain say the fact that a definite belief in an eternal Land of Promise is one of the most potent sources of courage, fortitude and joy which are vouchsafed to the child of God.

How many toil-worn feet have pressed on, encouraged by the promise of the rest which remains to the people of God. How many grief-clouded eyes have seen a radiance through their mist of sorrow shining from the land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"? How many frames racked by the sufferer's anguish have found new strength to endure in the hope of that home where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain"? How many homeless hearts, for Christ's sake separated from country and kindred, have had their loss made up to them in the thought of heavenly gain laid up in the mansions in the skies, to which they could read a title clear and where partings are unknown? How many soldiers of the Cross, facing tremendous odds of prejudice and sin, have felt new nerve to their fighting arm at the reminder of the realm of everlasting victory, where crowns won in strife are worn in glory.

But the heir of heaven should do something more than rejoice over the fact of the birthright which salvation has given him. He should prepare himself for his eternal citizenship. He will not want to feel out of place in his celestial environment, therefore he should cultivate those gifts and graces which enrich him when the abilities of this world are at an end. What a long way off even the most unworldly Christian is in the attainment of that wondrous possession, a heavenly mind, which enables him to see the spiritual before the earthly, and to weigh all temporal importances in the light of eternity.

Then, while duly valuing the things of the present in the influence which all have more or less upon the things of the future, we should learn to always give the precedence in our considerations to those things which have definitely to do with the life beyond. Above all, let us see to it that we are no strangers to the power, peace, and fellowship of He Whose presence makes our Paradise here, and there.

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here, If Thou, Lord, count me meet With the enraptured host to appear, And worship at Thy feet? Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, I come to find them all again, In that Eternal Day."

Three - and - a - Half Years a Bandsman.

FOR BANDSMEN ESPECIALLY.

It was a beautiful summer's evening when, accompanied by my eldest brother, I strolled down to the open-air stand where the soldiers and bandsmen had gathered for the open-air meeting. It was very seldom that I was not found at the open-air on a Sunday evening. On this particular Sunday evening as I approached the open-air stand the band was playing. Although I had heard it many times before, it seemed that I had never heard it play so beautifully and with such feeling as they did that night. Oh, how it took hold of me, and as I looked around everything seemed so beautiful and bright, and as I listened to the music an intense desire took hold of me to be good and to live to please God. I stood and listened. God spoke to my heart and showed me my position as never before.

Keep Your Instruments Clean.

One thing in particular drew my attention, and that was one of the bandsman's instrument, which was nicely polished, and listening to it, I felt that it was being played to attract sinners to think of things beyond this life. A greater desire than ever came over me to be useful for God. I followed down to the barracks and took my seat near the centre of the building. The meeting went on, the word of God was read, the prayer meeting started, earnest invitations were given, warnings sent out to flee from the wrath which is to come. There I sat, God's Spirit dealing with me, Satan using every means possible to hold me back, an awful battle was being fought, I was counting the cost, the struggle was to be ended in a very few minutes, as the last invitation was being given. The struggle came to an end, I resolved to forsake sin and live for God. The step meant lots of effort, but God helped me there and then. I rose to my feet, and when I had taken the first step He gave peace to my soul and bade me go and sin no more.

The desire to live good and to be useful increased, and I sought to know the way in which God wanted me to go. I prayed, and God revealed the way, and that was by the Salvation Army. I was enrolled as a soldier and shortly after was given an instrument by the bandmaster, and in the course of time was commissioned as a bandsman. I felt it was my place and tried to make the best of it, always studying how to make the best of my privileges and opportunities, never forgetting how God had used the band and its music to bring me to Him. Many times the devil tempted me to think more of my instrument than the purpose for which I was playing, but at such times I looked away to Jesus, asking Him to help me play for His honor and glory.

I went on for two and a-half years as a bandsman, when God honored me with the position of Band-Sergeant. Oh, how I felt my weakness, but I trusted in God, and He helped me by His never-failing grace to conquer every foe and to fight every battle, for there were many battles to fight, foes to conquer, and difficulties to face, but through them all He strengthened me. Praise be to His name!

I wanted to be useful for God only, and I believe He made me so, and when I felt the call of God to leave my loved ones, friends, and bandsmen, whom I truly loved, and enter the Field, it meant a keen separation, but the greatest joy of my life was, as I shook their hands, I was able to look them in the face and feel that I had been faithful and done my duty as a bandsman.

Many times since then, when fighting among strangers, I have thought of the beautiful days I spent as a bandsman, and thought of the blessed opportunities presented to bandsmen, I have found myself saying, if I had those privileges again, how much more I would make of them, and how much more faithful I would be.

I have to thank God for the band and music, which was the means of bringing me to Him. I would say to every bandsman, be faithful, though you may see unfaithfulness in others; do your duty, for you will be tempted many times to shirk it; and as God used the band of music to make me think, He will also use you, through your music, to bring sinners to the Cross, if played in the Spirit.—H. C. H.

OUR WAR CRY XMAS REUNION

will contain a group of photos and messages from former Canadian officers now in various parts of the world, among them: Commissioner Coombs, Commissioner Rees, Commandant and Mrs. H. H. Booth, Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Colonel Bailey, Brigadiers Scott, McIntyre, Addie, Marshall, Moss, Complin, and Bennett; Majors Baugh, Cousins, Cox, Ludgate, Spooner, and Wood; Staff-Capts. Andrews, Leonard, McMillan, Miles, and Plant.

Door-Keeping and Collections.

I'd rather be a door-keeper in the house of God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness, or I would rather be a door-keeper in the Salvation Army, with God's favor, than to have all the honors and riches of the world, without God's smile.

A good door-keeper, it seems to me, ought to have a good spiritual experience. He can accomplish more by kindness and gentleness, tempered with firmness, than by harshness and hastiness. Though it is possible to make mistakes when dealing with people, yet, praise God, if we lack wisdom and judgment, He will supply us such, if we seek diligently.

And a good door-keeper is an important factor in the success of a meeting, by using all the wisdom he has to keep order, discipline, etc., and a door-keeper can be a great influence in dealing with sinners and encouraging Christians. But, on the other hand, if faithful to duty, he is apt to be misunderstood and criticized. So it requires, to my mind, more grace and patience at the door than on the platform. So a door-keeper needs your prayers and sympathy as he stands at the door of God's house.

With regard to collections at the door, a great misconception seems to be prevalent among many people. They don't seem to realize the need we are always in to keep the corps free from debt, and at times exhibit a very uncharitable spirit towards us. They seem to think that they know better how to finance the corps than the officers or treasurer, and say it is all money with us, and they thought "salvation is free," and we don't have to pay to get into heaven, and "Jesus paid it all," and "salvation is without money and without price." Praise God, salvation is free, and when it converts a soul, it converts the pocket as well. If a man or woman shuts up their bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in them? I think it nothing but reasonable that people who frequent our barracks should be willing to assist us financially.

I have met with people at the door who deliberately have said that they were not going to give, although they had lots of money with them. These are the people who are doing a lot of talking about turning people away, when they really turn themselves away, by their own meanness. Well, truly I do not believe these people deserve to have all the privileges that others have to pay for. It is quite different with people really have not the means, and would give if they had. The S. A. hires or pays for barracks, besides the expense of light, fuel, water, insurance, and other things too numerous to mention. We work for the good of the community, and to make it possible for every soul who seeks God with all their heart to get saved, and delivered from sin, and misery. Now, to do this successfully it means the co-operation of officers, soldiers, converts, saints, and sinners that come to our meetings.

May the Lord bless these few words, written without much preparation, by the help of God, to some hearts in love and sympathy for all mankind.—Treas. Casbin, Halifax I.

Consider that good and evil are now before you; that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other.—Chapone.

MUSIC, Color, Pictures, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Articles, Songs, Christmas Messages, Smiles and Tears—all in the Xmas War Cry—Ten Cents per Copy.

Have you ordered your copy
of the
XMAS WAR CRY?

Order at Once—Price, 10 Cents.

Montana State Rescue Home Successfully Opened.

Women's Social Secretary Invited to Address
the Ministerial Association—Unanimous
Endorsement of the Work.

The announcement that Mrs. Brigadier Read would visit Butte to open a Rescue Home was received by the soldiers and friends with pleasure and expectation for a blessed time. We did all we possibly could to make the Brigadier's visit a success, and we were not disappointed. We expected the Brigadier on Saturday morning, but the train was a little late, and with the train arrived our very welcome visitor. On Saturday night the hall was packed with an appreciative audience, and Mrs. Read was given a real Butte welcome. One or two comrades spoke and Bro. French soloed the popular song, "Jesus knows all about your struggles." Mrs. Read's Rescue Song Books sold like hot cakes, and everybody joined heartily in the chorus. The collection was good, and then the Brigadier read to us from Father's book. Mrs. Read spoke in her usual earnest and impressive manner, her words were full of force and power and made every soul in the hall feel that there was no joy like the joy of knowing sins forgiven. The knee-drill was a grand start for the day's fight.

The jail meeting at 10 a.m., led by the Brigadier, was a rich treat. How the dear prisoners listened with rapt attention, and drank in every word, and promised to read the Testaments that the Brigadier brought for them.

The Juniors then came in turn for a short address from the Brigadier.

Jesus or Caesar.

In the holiness meeting how our hearts were melted by the touching way in which Mrs. Read pictured Jesus and Caesar, and as one heart we promised to more than ever go forward to live out the beautiful example of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

The afternoon meeting was in the Auditorium, where a very nice crowd enjoyed the meeting; the Flag of Hope was raised to view, and the League of Mercy commissioned to go forward and carry out the work described. At night the auditorium was packed, and eternity alone must reveal the work done.

Mrs. Read was invited to address the meeting of the Ministerial Association on Monday morning. She outlined the work to be taken up by the Rescue Department, and made an appeal to the ministers to help support by their influence and work.

A lively and interesting discussion followed and a unanimous endorsement of the work was passed by the Association.

Many spoke in the highest approval of the work, and promised their hearty co-operation and practical assistance.

The great Social Meeting was held in the Auditorium on Monday evening, when most of the Ministers of the city were on the platform. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Albritton, D.D.

The subject of Mrs. Read's address was, "The Dark Side of a Great City," which was ably delivered and much appreciated. Some of the ministers spoke. Ensign Kerr was cordially welcomed as the Matron of the Home.

Thus ended the special campaign. We pray God's richest blessing on the Brigadier, and hope for a speedy return.—John S. Gale, Adj.

"Around the Xmas Camp Fire,"

Comprising five fascinating tales of a jolly group of S. A. officers, written by Brigadier Wm. H. Cox, formerly Editor of our New York War Cry, will begin in the

XMAS WAR CRY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

The life is all wrong that is not lived after this fashion. That is a selfish, sinful, miserable, unhappy life until conversion to Christ takes place. The whole man then is changed. He has new tastes, feelings, desires, aims, ambitions and purposes. The current of his whole life is changed, because he has a new heart, and with it a new nature, conversion, the new birth. Without it a man may have the physical strength of a Samson, the wisdom of a Solomon, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the wealth of a Croesus, and the possessions of an Alexander, and his life may be worse than a failure, so far as the future life is concerned. What would the lives of Wesley, and Clarke, and Bramwell, and Caughey, and Punshon, and Spurgeon have been, but for their conversion? A failure! What would have been the lives of Mary Fletcher and Florence Nightingale, and Grace Murray, and Francis Willard, and Francis Ridley Havergal, and Catherine Booth, but for their conversion? Nothing worth speaking about, and what will your life be, my young friend, without this spiritual change, this Divine life planted within you? Not much. To start right in the great battle of life, you must be born again. These men and women whose lives I have just mentioned, and who are so dear to us, and whose memories are so precious, and who were so eminently useful, would have been moral blanks but for their conversion to God, and the Spirit of Christ that was so largely developed in them. I may well, therefore, urge upon you young men and women, with all earnestness, the necessity of conversion if you wish to make life a success for both worlds. Catherine Booth, in the days of her youth, sought it, obtained it, and rejoiced in its possession, and went forward in her life-long mission of usefulness to suffering humanity. It was the one great crisis in her life, standing out very distinctly, and looming up with a halo of glory, and shining forth with a brightness that surpassed every other crisis in her life. It was an event in her life greater, and brighter, and grander than anything that preceded or followed it. It was an event not less than that which lifted her to the throne of heaven, and that crowned her with life immortal, because it made her an heir to it. I may well, therefore, urge upon all you young people the absolute necessity of immediate conversion. Seek it in penitence and prayer and faith in Christ. Seek it with tears and earnestness of soul until you obtain it, and rejoice in its possession, and it shall be to you the one great event of your life that shall surpass any other change to be experienced this side the gates of heaven. Conversion is that point in a young woman's life when she begins to rise towards the zenith of her being, and by God's blessing will continue to rise and ascend higher and higher until she is changed from glory unto glory, and is crowned with life eternal. Thus the conversion of Catherine Mumford, which was the maiden name of Mrs. Booth, was the first upward step in her ascent to the throne eternal, and resulted in her coronation; and so will your conversion be succeeded by your coronation by you being true to yourselves, the Bible, and God. First, the new birth and the battle of life, and then a little way on comes the victory, the triumph, the sceptre, the palm, the crown, the throne, the mansion, the kingdom, the rich inheritance, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and what more I cannot tell, for eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which He hath prepared for them that love Him. We only know in part and see through a glass darkly. I am sure that you will not think this lecture too sermonic if I ask, are you converted, born again, adopted into the family of God, sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, a child of God, and an heir of heaven? I hope you can answer these vital questions in the affirmative. Mrs. Booth knew what experimental religion meant, and what conversion was, what holiness of heart implied, what a life of toil in the service of Christ involved, and now, thrice happy soul, she knows what heaven is, and how blessed it is to be with God for ever.

V.—THE FIFTH LESSON that we learn from the story of the life of this marvellous woman is, that entire sanctification and holiness of heart held a foremost place in her life and ministry. Soon after her conversion the chief and prevailing cry of her soul was for a clean heart, perfect love, the destruction of all sin and inbred corruption, and the incoming and indwelling of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For this great blessing she prayed, wrestled, fasted, wept, believed, and rejoiced in its possession. She dwelt in God and God in her. She lived a life of complete consecration to Christ, and but few men or women reached a higher state of perfect love than Catherine Booth; and the members of the churches of all denominations would be more perfect, happy, and useful to-day than they are if they imbibed more of the Spirit of Christ and walked before God in holiness of heart and life; and the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, and the members, and teachers, and ministers and missionaries of every creed and church would augment their happiness and increase their usefulness thirty, sixty, nay, an hundred-fold if they would seek frequent baptisms of the Spirit, and everyday anointing from on high. Mrs. Booth's usefulness was the legitimate outcome of purity of heart and Christian perfection as taught by the prophets, by Christ, by the Apostles, and by John Wesley, Fletcher, Bradburn, Bramwell, Garvossa, and other early Methodists. We do not hear now-a-days so much about holiness as we did some years ago. To a great extent the pulpit is silent, the platform is silent, the desk is silent, the press is silent; members, teachers, leaders, and ministers are tongue-tied, dumb, and speechless on the vital question—holiness; and yet without it we cannot get to heaven, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and there must be a revival of the doctrine of holiness and of experimental religion before the church of Christ will march onward with renewed strength in conquering, converting, and saving the world for Christ. We want a thousand—nay, ten thousand—hands of holy men and women, whose hearts the Lord hath touched, to go forth, not only to preach holiness, but to live it, and we should soon see the blessed effects of it, and feel it, too, in our inmost souls, and should see it in the multiplied conversions on every hand, and there would be much less poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, immorality, and sin in every form, and we should have the days of heaven upon earth. Do you ask what holiness is? It is the sinful heart cleansed from the filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and filled with the Holy Ghost. David Livingstone once asked a heathen what he understood by the word holiness. He answered, "When copious showers have descended during the night and all the earth, and leaves, and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh. That is holiness." Is not this a very good definition of holiness? The heart, the whole man washed clean. Holiness was the key-note of Mrs. Booth's life and ministry. She taught and enforced it as a Bible doctrine. There went forth from her no uncertain sound on this vital question. She preached it with a point and a power, and a clearness, and a force that none could gainsay nor resist.

(To be continued.)

Heredity is that biological law by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants; it is for the species what personal identity is for the individual. By it a groundwork remains unchanged amid incessant variation; by it Nature ever copies and imitates herself.—Ribot.

The Incarnation may be said to be the counterpart in the field of history of the Godhead in the field of thought. Through the Godhead we conceive Deity as so existing and conditioned that the Incarnation is possible; through the Incarnation we conceive an historical Person as so placed that He realizes the affinities of God and man, and so constituted that He brings them into organic relations.—Dr. Fairbairn.

From Cape Breton to St John and Back.

A Pleasant Journey—St. John's Councils—The
Commissioner Is Eloquent and a Successful
Fisher—Temperance Champion on
Route—Pushing On.

By ADJT. MAGEE.

Having received orders to come to St. John's councils, I took the train at North Sydney, 7 a.m., and spent a very pleasant day with the Cape Breton and other officers which came on board along the route. At New Glasgow we met that wide-awake comrade, the notorious Cameron, and at Truro Treas. Stewart gave us a free lunch. God bless these comrades. Here and there along the way some soldiers would board the train to shake hands with old comrades, and altogether a most enjoyable day was spent.

I arrived at St. John at 1:30 a.m. Tuesday, thus missing the reception meeting on Monday.

My billet being situated some three miles from the station, Capt. Doyle took pity on me and piloted me to No. III. Garrison. After a lot of shouting and noise the Captain got me inside, only to find every bed full. Others, who had found themselves homeless, had taken refuge under Capt. McElheney's wing. The Capt. had gallantly given over his room to the strangers and was sleeping on the floor with his head on a chair. A lounge was better than nothing, so down I went, boots and all. After several hours' of sleep, a good breakfast, away we go to council.

Instructive Councils

Staff-Capt. Rawling took hold until the Major appeared. The councils were very interesting and instructive. To those of us who had not time to read many books, they were quite a treat. The Commissioner was enthusiastically welcomed. The Major was also cheered as he spoke of the General as our commander in chief, the Chief of the Staff. Mr. Bramwell, as second in command of the Army; of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, as leader of our glorious Rescue branch; and of our own brave Commissioner. The public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute was glorious. The scenery on the platform was beautiful. The flowers were exquisite. The children sang sweetly. The Commissioner was eloquent. The crowd was very respectful and attentive to the General's daughter, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Major Pickering had already fully reported this meeting. When the Commissioner took her seat Major Pickering took hold. It was a tough pull. The Major sang and sang. At last the Commissioner rose again. Things went better. Then the Commissioner went fishing herself and succeeded in bringing in a number of captives.

Godly Diversion by the Way.

I took the train again at 1 a.m. for Cape Breton, called off at Moncton to see the General Passenger Agent of the I. C. R. Mr. Legrow is a very busy man, but I had a very nice little talk with him about my work at Cape Breton, and he promised to do what he could to help me. Having a few minutes to spare I went up town, and in one of the windows saw a large poster announcing an Ante-Scott Act meeting at the Opera House that night at 8 p.m. At the bottom of the poster in bold letters it threw out a challenge to the Temperance people to come on the platform, occupy one-half of the time, and discuss the question. A little further on I met a Scott Act Inspector, from Woodstock, N. B., and asked him if anybody was preparing to meet this man. He said he did not think so. There was no meeting in the barracks, so at 8 p.m. I went down to the Opera House. It was well filled with all classes of men. Promptly on time the brewers' giant stepped to the front and again threw down the gauntlet to the Christian Temperance workers of New Brunswick that were present. I felt something take hold of me and I got up and said I would accept the challenge. I went on to the stage and took off my coat. He had the first half hour, I had the next. The people cheered. I don't think Mr. Brewer will want another Salvationist for a day or two. It was the first of a series of such meetings he was having throughout the Provinces; it would doubtless get into the press, be an encouragement to others, and help to cripple him, all at once.

I caught another train at 3 a.m. and got home all right.

"Jack, Come wid Me!"

A PATHETIC STORY, BY MISS BOOTH, WILL BE IN THE CHRISTMAS CRY.



Obey Your God.

The first qualification of a Christian is obedience. All disobedience is sin. Obedience must be our guide from earth to heaven. Only perfect obedience to God's commands brings power and happiness. Only obedience makes a man useful. A clever, brilliant, shrewd, able man, if disobedient, becomes unreliable, and, therefore, his usefulness is destroyed. God told the prophet—he is called only "man of God," as it were, out of mercy his name was not given—to deliver his message to Jeroboam and then depart. The prophet refused the invitation of the King to stay, but believed the lying prophet, and stayed with him. The prophet spoke of an angel having appeared unto him, to invite the "man of God" to stay with him. What business had he to believe a second-handed message from God? If God had directly given him orders not to stay, only a direct counter-order from Heaven should have value. Learn to discern the true from the seeming, and, above all things, keep your conscience clear. It was a wise direction of God that the prophet should not stay to associate with the sinful city. God wants you to warn the sinner, but have no part in his society. Let the disobedient prophet be your solemn warning; deliver your message, seek the sinner to tell him of a Saviour, but induce him to come your way—don't compromise by going partly his way in the vain hope to induce him to come back over the doubtful ground you have walked together. No compromise with the devil!

Caught on the Fly.

The Commissioner is preparing for a big meeting in the Massey Hall in January.

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Colonel Jacobs has returned smiling and bright from Aurora, where he has conducted a special week-end. He reports a pleasant and blessed time.

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Lieut.-Colonel Margetts has returned from a very successful trip through the N.W. and Pacific Provinces. He reports very favorably on the West. He will do another trip through West Ontario before Christmas.

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Brigadier Gaskin has just opened a very nice and comfortable hall, corner Phoebe and Huron Sts. A detailed report will be found in another column.

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Whatever you do, don't miss buying a Christmas War Cry. You will enjoy reading it, we assure you.

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Brigadier Complin has promised a contribution, "Wanted, a Boy." We hope to be able to print it in our Xmas issue, if it arrives in time. Many of our readers will be pleased to note the above announcement.

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Major Southall is preparing to give a free Christmas dinner to 1,000 poor in Winnipeg. He has large pots—being collecting boxes—on principal street corners, and stockings in store, etc., to collect contributions for it. Success to you, Major.

Goodness is everywhere, and is everywhere to be found, if we will only look for it.—P. Desjardins.

The General in France.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE GENERAL'S JOURNAL.)

Saturday, Nov. 18th.

7.0.—Here is Paris. Bundle up the papers; out with the candles, which my Adjutant has ingeniously fixed up on the food-basket; make yourself tidy, as there is no knowing who may greet you on the platform, and on with the overcoat. Now the train pulls up, and there is Commissioner Hellberg, looking uncommonly well. We are hustled into a cab, and along the streets helter-skelter we drive.

Among the best and most furious drivers in the world are the Parisian cabbies—so furious that I never alight from one of their vehicles without thankfulness that I have not been smashed—and good whips they need be to get us through at all at such a pace.

Here is my billet, and here is my daughter Lucy, giving me the heartiest of welcomes. A little communion—not much, for there are the prospects of the campaign to talk over, some wonderful conversions to describe, and the latest news from the distant corners of the earth to relate. A basin of soup is a necessity, seeing there has been nothing but a sandwich and a cup of tea since 8 a.m.

Our Parisians.

8.30 p.m.—The soldiers' meeting in our own hall in Rue Auber, holding six hundred people, is crowded. The meeting is very hearty, and we are soon singing, "Send the Fire!" There was the inevitable collection, and then my address, which, beginning in the most friendly manner, went on to some straight dealing about conversion, holy living, fighting for souls, and the like. The French, like all the Continentals, are excellent listeners. In this, I fancy, they excel the Britisher; anyway, I had every eye and ear on this occasion. We followed with the Mercy Seat, and a better meeting is not often my privilege to see. With broken hearts men and women came streaming out from every part of the building. Some were soldiers wanting a clean heart, but the bulk were seeking conversion or restoration from backsliding.

As the night wore on, the change in the spiritual atmosphere of the assembly was very noticeable. We began "very proper." The band—comprised of a cornet, two or three violins, two mandolins, a harp and a piano, all excellently played, when joined by a Singing Brigade and a few of the audience—discouraged beautiful music. Still, the feeling was rather stiff, but the counting up of the penitent form results, the introduction of a drum, a plentiful clapping of hands, and, above all, the rousing up of everybody to work and sing, to pray, to believe for themselves, soon made things altogether different. We finished up at 11 o'clock, the hall still nearly full, with forty-six at the penitent form, and a big, strong hope for to-morrow.

Our Position in Paris.

Sunday, 19th.

Things have certainly changed very much for the better in Paris since my last visit fifteen months ago. The Slum and Rescue Work has been revived and increased. The Shelter set going on that occasion has proved a great success. Three corps have been opened, while arrangements have been made for opening two more. Two Medical Stations, conducted by Salvationist officers, with Charity Bureau attached, and the removal to the city of Major Peyron's Orphanage of seventy children, all taken together, will greatly strengthen and add to the influence of our position in Paris. There are, or will be by the time these operations are in force, quite a hundred officers at work in the city alone. God speed them all!

Afternoon.

Brigadier Roussel, who has just come to convey me to the meeting, informs me that this is a great Festival Day in the city. A large monument, in celebration of the triumph of the Republic, is being unveiled by the President in the presence of a great multitude, while ten thousand invitations are out for a grand ball to-night. Sunday is, indeed, a day of pleasure here.

Bishop, Priest, etc.

The Agricultural Hall, a beautiful building, seating 750 people, is off a

fashionable Boulevard in the centre of the city. We are nearly full—fifty more people would have packed us tight. The audience was, of course, Parisian and Catholic. Still, we had Americans, Canadians, and, I should think, some English and Russians; but, if so, they did not make themselves known to me. Sitting on my left hand a little way down was a Bishop and Priest of the Catholic

Church. Altogether, we were a little mixed.

On taking my first glance at my audience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not much like the penitent form?" "Not at present," was the reply. When I sat down appearances had changed. The Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only been explained, but, in a measure, popularized. Still, it seemed a dark problem whether we should have a soul convicted enough, or bold enough, to come out before that crowd in acknowledgment of sin and the need of salvation.

We prayed—we believed—we waited, but not a soul stirred; before, however, the first line of the song, "Come with thy sin," was sung, a ladylike person fell, in her agony, and then another



THE DISOBEDIENCE

And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Beth-el: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he cried against the altar in the name of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shalt be burnt upon thee. And he gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out. And it came to pass, when the king Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, which had cried against the altar in Beth-el, that he put forth his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him. And the altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the king answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before. And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: For so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest. So he went another way, and returned not by the way that he came to Beth-el.

Now there dwelt an old prophet in Beth-el; and his sons came and told him all the works that the man of God had done that day in Beth-el; the words which he had spoken unto the king, them they told also to their father. And their father said unto them, What way went he? For his sons had seen what way the man of God went, which came from Judah. And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass; and he rode thereon, and went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak; and

FRANCE.

JOURNAL.)
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On taking my first glance at my aud-
ience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not
much like the penitent form?" "Not
at present," was the reply. When I
sat down appearances had changed. The
Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only
been explained, but, in a measure, popu-
larized. Still, it seemed a dark problem
whether we should have a soul convict-
ed enough, or bold enough, to come out
before that crowd in acknowledgment of
sin and the need of salvation.
We prayed—we believed—we waited,
but not a soul stirred; before, however,
the first line of the song, "Come with
thy sin," was sung, a ladylike person
fell, in her agony, and then another

walked up from the back of the hall, and
then another, and then three more, and
then a young man, and then more wo-
men, and then another, and then three
men, until the number had swollen to
eighteen, making a total of eighty-nine
for this part of my campaign, and we
finished full of praise and thanksgiving
to God and of confidence for the night.

OLD No. 1 IN A NEW HOME.

(Special.)
The new barracks is situated on
Huron St., seats about 300 and is well
adapted for an Army building. The

opening meetings were conducted on
Saturday and Sunday, by Brigadier and
Mrs. Gaskin, assisted by Major and
Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. Smeeton,
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon, Staff-
Captains Morris and Creighton, Adjts.
Wiseman and Attwell, and Headquar-
ters' Orchestra.
The meetings were full of life, light
and interest, and were times of deep
spiritual blessing.
Sunday morning Major Turner treated
us to a discourse on "How to kill
giants."
Afternoon and night, the Brigadier,
charged with the Spirit's power, swayed
the congregations. The singing of the
Male Quartette was superb. Six at
the penitent form for the day.



THE DISOBEDIENT PROPHET.

I. Kings, chap. xlii, v. 1-28.

And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the
Lord unto Beth-el: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he
cried against the altar in the name of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, thus
saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah
by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that
burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. And he
gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken:
Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured
out. And it came to pass, when the king Jeroboam heard the saying of the
man of God, which had cried against the altar in Beth-el, that he put forth
his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put
forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him. And
the altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according
to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the
king answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord
thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the
man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again,
and became as it was before. And the king said unto the man of God, Come
home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And the
man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will
not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: For
so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink
water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest. So he went an-
other way, and returned not by the way that he came to Beth-el.
Now there dwelt an old prophet in Beth-el; and his sons came and told him
all the works that the man of God had done that day in Beth-el; the words
which he had spoken unto the king, them they told also to their father. And
their father said unto them, What way went he? For his sons had seen
what way the man of God went, which came from Judah. And he said unto
his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass; and he rode there-
on, and went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak; and

he said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah? And
he said, I am. Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread.
And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee; neither will I
eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place; for it was said to me by
the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn
again to go by the way that thou camest. He said unto him, I am a prophet
also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying,
Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread, and drink
water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in
his house, and drank water.
And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord
came unto the prophet that brought him back; and he cried unto the man of
God that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou
hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment
which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten
bread and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee,
Eat no bread, and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepul-
chre of thy fathers.
And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that
he saddled for him the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back.
And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him; and his
carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the
carcass. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way,
and the lion standing by the carcass; and they came and told it in the city
where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back
from the way heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient
unto the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the
lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord,
which he spake unto him. And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle me the
ass. And they saddled him. And he went and found the carcass cast in the
way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcass; the lion had not
eaten the carcass, nor torn the ass.



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walked up from the back of the hall, and then another, and then three more, and then a young man, and then more women, and then another, and then three men, until the number had swollen to eighteen, making a total of eighty-nine for this part of my campaign, and we finished full of praise and thanksgiving to God and of confidence for the night.

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LATEST SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WAR REFUGEES AT CAPE TOWN.

The Salvation Army Care for the Women Refugees.

There are at present sixty thousand refugees in Cape Town, a great many of whom are women and children. The authorities of Cape Town have been in communication with Commissioner Kibbey as to the Army meeting and housing the refugee women who arrive by the night trains.

To meet this need Commissioner Kibbey has made temporary arrangements for their accommodation at our Rescue Homes.

It is quite possible that this is the beginning of a great work in this connection that the authorities may require us to do.

NEW SHELTER OPENED IN MONTE VIDEO.

During the past eighteen months our Shelter accommodation in Monte Video has been very inadequate to the need; but Brigadier Pearce, the officer in charge of the Army in South America, has now got hold of a new place where the accommodation will be doubled and vastly improved. A larger Shelter is also needed at Buenos Ayres, as the present building is now always crowded out.

A NEW RESCUE HOME TO BE OPENED AT BUFFALO.

Colonel Higgins has just received a very valuable property in the city of Buffalo, U. S. A., for a Rescue Home to accommodate thirty girls. The premises were last rented for eighty dollars a month; we have secured it for forty dollars a month. This reduction has been granted to us because of the nature of the useful work we intend to carry on.

THE DISTRESS IN INDIA.

Poor Prospect of Winter Crops.

The Secretary of State for India has received the following telegram from the Viceroy on the subject of the scarcity in India:

"Situation generally as reported last week, but extreme dryness of weather is against prospects for winter crops. Fodder difficulty great in many places. On relief:—Bombay, 147,000; Punjab, 70,000; Central Provinces, 414,000; Berar, 33,000; Ajmer, 71,000; Central India, 28,000; Rajputana, 65,000. Total, 828,000."

Mrs. Read at Vancouver.

(By wire.)

Mrs. Read with us Sunday. Morning, soul-searching time. Afternoon, stirring address on Social Work. Night, enrolment of soldiers, and commissioning of League of Mercy. Hall crowded with an appreciative audience. Mrs. Read met Ministerial Association. Deputation waited upon City Council for subsidy for Rescue Home. Prospects bright.—Ensign Lester.

Mrs. Read's Spokane Meeting

(Sent by Wire, but Received Too Late for Insertion in Last Issue.)

Mrs. Read enthusiastically welcomed to Spokane by officers, soldiers, and friends. Social meeting in Vincent Methodist Church a magnificent success. Ex-Mayor Dr. Olmsted introduced the Brigadier and spoke in highest terms of the Army work. Mrs. Read made a splendid hit and much interest was aroused on behalf of the Rescue work. Sunday, incessant downpour of rain, but splendid crowds, magnificent meetings and souls.—Staff-Capt. Gage.

Coming Events.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs,
(THE CHIEF SECRETARY),

will visit

LINDSAY, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
UXBRIDGE, Monday, Dec. 18.

LT.-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

will visit

St. Thomas, Wednesday, Dec. 13.
Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15.
Chatham, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
Shawco, Monday, Dec. 18.
Hespeler, Tuesday, Dec. 19.

LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

will visit

RIVERSIDE, SUNDAY, DEC. 31st.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

Will conduct Special Meetings in Toronto as follows:

Temple, Friday, Dec. 15. Holiness Convention.

Lisgar, Sunday, Dec. 31. Battle for souls.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Rat Portage, Ont., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
Port Arthur, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 19.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Sudbury, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 15, 16, 17.
North Bay, Monday, Dec. 18.
Bracebridge, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20.
Gravenhurst, Thursday, Dec. 21.
Midland, Friday, Dec. 22.
Orillia, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 23, 24.
Lisgar St., Sunday, Dec. 31.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Hamilton I., Thursday, Dec. 14.
Hamilton II., Friday, Dec. 15.
Toronto, Sat., Dec. 16, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thurs., Dec. 14, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Fenelon Falls, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15.
Lindsay, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
Omemee, Monday, Dec. 18.
Newcastle, Tuesday, Dec. 19.
Bowmanville, Wednesday, Dec. 20.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Listowel, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15.
Palmerston, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
Drayton, Monday, Dec. 18.
Guelph, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Arnprior, Thursday, Dec. 14.
Smith's Falls, Friday, Dec. 15.
Kemptonville, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17.
Perth, Mon. and Tues., Dec. 18, 19.
Kingston, Wednesday, Dec. 20.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Edmonton, Fri., Dec. 15, to Sun., Dec. 17.
Calgary, Mon., Dec. 18, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Kalispell, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15.
Spokane, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 16, 17, 18.
Lewiston, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20.



I. Kings, chap. xlii., v. 1-28.

THE PROPHET.

He said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah? And he said, I am. Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread. And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee; neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place; for it was said to me by the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn again to go by the way that thou camest. He said unto him, I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread, and drink water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water.

And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back; and he cried unto the man of God that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten bread and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee, Eat no bread, and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers.

And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that he saddled for him the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back. And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him; and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcass. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way, and the lion standing by the carcass; and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake unto him. And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him. And he went and found the carcass cast in the way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcass; the lion had not eaten the carcass, nor torn the ass.



By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

"Lord, anoint her, anoint her; give her Thy touch! Oh, give her Thy touch, take her into Thy secret place!"

Poor Annie! She knelt on the barracks' floor with her face pressed in her two hands. Why did the Captain pray for her in that way? Had she not lived right before Him, and before the world, for that matter? Yes, she believed she was sanctified, anyway, she had professed it, and believed herself honest in her profession; and he was wrestling with God on her behalf. She felt she might resent it, but her heart was too much stirred to do anything of that sort. Oh, was there really a baptism that she might receive, that which would lift her above the spiritual level she was now on? But to acknowledge she was not "sanctified" would be strange, for she really thought she was. It was a festival day, and to celebrate it the little corps was having a kuce-drill at 4 a.m.; and because her soul hungered for a blessing she had come, never expecting that the tables were to be turned on her like this.

"Lord, take her into Thy secret place," the Captain groaned.

"I don't want to be taken into God's secret place," she said in her heart.

Later in the day, while Mrs. B— and Annie went on an errand for the corps. "Now is my chance," she thought, "I'll ask him what he means."

"Captain, why did you pray for me like that?" she enquired. "Do you think that I am not sanctified, and why do you think so?"

Very wisely the officer led her to probe her own heart and helped her to search herself, but she held on to her profession. Still the matter had taken a tight hold on her mind. She was thinking fast and deeply. Certainly she knew she had a deal of confidence in herself, but that was not wrong, surely; in the past she had taught herself to believe it a virtue. Yes, it was true she thought she was the author of a deal of the good that was done in her little world, but she struggled always to give God ALL the glory. She could not really help that feeling in her heart, and if she opposed it, what more was there for her to do? True, she had not enjoyed prayer of late, her mind wandered so, but she was sure she could not help that. Oh, dear, was she wrong?

After dinner she stood before the glass tying on her bonnet. Mrs. B— was resting near her. "Mrs. B—, do you think I am not sanctified?" she asked.

As the two women talked on the subject—for Annie loved and had the utmost



"After dinner she stood before the glass, tying on a new bonnet."

confidence in Mrs. B—, with tears she confessed those secret sins and failings, which she had forgotten it was her privilege to be delivered from.

Then, drying her eyes, she completed her preparations for going out.

"Now I'll pray with you," said Mrs. B—, and the bonneted head was bowed by her couch, while she poured out her heart for this perplexed soul.

"If the Commissioner was here, she would say, 'Settle this first,' and so you ought. Let your afternoon's work wait. Do this first," said the Captain's wife.

"I don't want to," said Annie; then recollecting herself, she yielded, and simply said, "All right." "There would be added sin," she meditated, "were I unwilling; and I do indeed want to wholly follow my Lord."

So off came the bonnet and wrap, and taking a Bible she went to a room and shut herself in "to settle it."

She tried to pray, but what was the use? Her mind continually wandered. But this only increased the sense of her need. She must have something from God. What did she want from God, anyway? She thought she needed a baptism. What! Claim the Holy Ghost? Oh, that was too much for an ordinary person like her. But it was too true, she had a lot of self about her. Oh, she could see it now. She had no faith in her own prayers. She felt she was not sufficiently earnest to claim God's attention.



"They knelt down on either side of her"

"I'll go and pray with poor Tom, he is backsliding," she thought. "But then I need to pray for myself. Well, I'll get right up and go for a walk. But I can't get out of the house without an inquiry whether I've won, and what should I say? What is the use, anyway? I'll never be any different. I'll go home and give it up altogether."

She was now sitting on the floor, her two hands clasped over her knee. She had stopped trying to pray.

"If they would come and pray with me," she soliloquised, "I think I could keep my mind on God, but they haven't time. I won't ask them. The idea of them praying with me as though I was some vile sinner! No, indeed! And then the Captain gets into such a sweat. I'm sure I don't want him to get in such a stew over me again as he did this morning. But what is to become of me if I'm not different to what I have been? O God!" she prayed, "if it is for me to have the baptism this afternoon, send Mrs. B— to pray with me."

Once or twice the devil whispered, "You're all right. It is all nonsense that you need any more definite experience." But she knew now that she could never again be satisfied with the past experience.

There was a step on the stair, and the Captain's wife softly pushed open the door.

"Oh, I can't pray, it is no use," she said to her.

"Shall I call Captain?" said Mrs. B—.

"Oh, no, you needn't," said Annie. But already she had called him, and they knelt down on either side of her and

helped her wandering mind and feeble faith to lay hold of God. Again and again she gave it up, and was as often brought to pray again.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," whispered the Captain.

God seemed to subdue the storm, quietness stole into her soul. Best of all, assurance was there. Down in the depths of her very soul she felt God had anointed her, and had indeed given her His touch. She was not afraid to be in His secret place. Hallelujah!

Now self is dead, or dies daily. Now her mind is retained in prayer. If it has a tendency to wander she prays aloud. Now the work done is done by God. It is easy to give Him the glory for what He does. Now prayer is a delight and regularly engaged in.

Is your experience, dear reader, a satisfactory one to yourself? Let me be definite, have you the baptism of the Holy Ghost? If not, will you seek for Him, for the promise is unto you and your children, and to them that are afar off, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call? (Acts ii. 39.) You may enjoy a continual feast of fat things in your own soul.

Glorying in the Cross.

"All is in the Cross, and in dying dies all; and there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but by the way of the Cross and of daily mortification."—Thomas A' Kempis.

I LOVE Jesus and I know Him; He is the light of my life, my soul's King; and I love the cross and fear to lose it, it is my heart's secret, the secret of Jesus. To know it one must feel it, for it is knowledge born of experience. And I love to obey the inward voice, and count it a joy that I am permitted to share my Lord's passion. To follow Him and to seek the precious souls for whom He died, wooing them and winning them by the radiance of His own sweet, gentle spirit, the spirit of Divine, compassionate love, long-suffering and kind, is the whole purpose and passion of my life. All whose hearts have melted in the fire of God's wondrous love are ministering spirits. They are saved to serve, to be the world's light and salt, and by their much fruit-bearing glorifying the God of their salvation. They are in the world, but not like it. Permitted of God to remain upon the earth to bless humanity and assuage its sufferings. To such souls the inward cross is the secret of spiritual power, the most priceless of all spiritual gifts, the mystery of all mysteries. It implies discipleship—it means companionship, a giant capacity for love, a lynx-eyed spiritual discernment, a pain that is joy unspeakable because it is love beyond measure. Such souls see, hear, and understand that which mortal eye, ear, and understanding cannot grasp, because the deep things of God are revealed through the heart to the mind, rather than through the mind to the heart. Hence the necessity of faith. To these souls God is a living burning fact, they know no doubt, faith is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. They reflect in their life the heaven in their soul. They count no sacrifice too dear, and esteem it a privilege and a joy to suffer, live, or die for Jesus and perishing souls. In the eyes of those who base life upon a brute naturalism and make self-interest the root-motive of all action, such souls will be ever dreamers and failures, and the proud, crafty world-spirit will ever try to subject and use for its own base purposes the spiritual power it cannot apprehend. But in the light of eternity, "a light which baffles mortal sight," they are gigantic successes. They possess no perishable treasures, earth's joys are dim, its glories pass, the soul's battle has been fought and won. God's seal is upon their life's work, and a crown of righteousness awaits these humbled, purified souls of fire who followed the way of the Cross and solved life's problems. True disciples, the companions and servants of Jesus.—K.

If Christ took our nature upon Him (as we believe) by an act of love, it was not that of one, but of all. He was not one man only among men, but in Him all humanity was gathered up. And thus now, as at all time, mankind are (so to speak) organically united with Him. His acts are in a true sense our acts, so far as we realize the union: His death is our death: His Resurrection, our Resurrection.—Westcott.

FOUR

History Class.

I.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XX.

KING PYRRHUS.

Westward of Greece lay the mountainous country of Egypt, bordered by the Adriatic Sea. Its inhabitants spoke a rough dialect of Greek, but the royal families were of pure Greek descent. During the complications of wars following the break-up of Alexander's empire, the King of Epirus took part and was defeated, his entire family was slain with the exception of his two-year-old son, Pyrrhus, who was saved by some faithful servants. They fled towards Macedon, which they safely reached, but as Cassander had been the enemy of the child's father, the servants travelled into Illyria, where they found King Glaucias. The King was first inclined to refuse shelter to the child, but the little fellow had crawled up to the King and was pulling himself up by taking hold of the King's leg, looking fearlessly into his face. This act won Glaucias' heart, who took the child up and gave him to the Queen to be raised with her own family.

When Pyrrhus was twelve years old, Glaucias sent an army to restore him to his throne, and to guard him there; he was high-spirited, brave and gracious.

At seventeen Pyrrhus went to Illyria to attend the wedding of one of Glaucias' sons, and while he was gone a rebellion broke out which resulted in making his cousin King. He then fought under Demetrius, who sent him as a hostage to Alexandria, where his grace and spirit made him a great favorite with King Ptolemy, who gave him his daughter, Berenice, in marriage, and assisted him to raise an army to recover his kingdom, which he accomplished.

His kindness and skill soon were spoken of in Macedon, which hated Demetrius and rose against him in revolt. He had to flee in disguise to Asia, where he hoped to recover some of his father's kingdom, but was taken a prisoner by Seleucus, who treated him kindly. He soon died in captivity from excess in eating and drinking.

Pyrrhus added Macedon to his realm, but was soon attacked by Lysimachus, and as the fierce Macedonians went over to the latter, Pyrrhus was obliged to retreat into Epirus. In the meantime Seleucus attacked Lysimachus and killed him, adding both Thrace and Macedon to his possessions; thereafter he was called the Conqueror. Seleucus was the last survivor of Alexander's generals, and held now all his empire, except Egypt. While in Macedonia, however, Seleucus was killed by a vile Egyptian Greek, named Ptolemy Kerannus, and who made himself King of Macedon.

At this time the Kelts, or Gauls, (the same race which inhabited parts of France and Britain) made an inroad from the mountains. They quickly conquered Macedon and killed Ptolemy Kerannus, then overran all Thrace. They found the pass of Thermopylae, and were about to plunder Delphi, where the Greeks made a desperate defence, and, aided by a terrific thunderstorm and earthquake, the Gauls were frightened into a retreat. Their chief was wounded, who advised them to kill all his wounded and then retreat. He set the example by stabbing himself; but the Greeks surrounded them and killed the entire force. It is said that only a small party of Gauls escaped, who crossed the Hellespont and settled in Asia Minor, where they were known as Galatians.

After the Gauls left Macedon, Antigonus, the son of Demetrius, took possession of his father's kingdom, and his family held it. Pyrrhus had an ambition to make himself so popular in the West as Alexander had been in the East. But his expedition to help Sicily belong to Roman history.

Pyrrhus fought with alternate success against Macedon and Sparta, but was, by treachery, caught in the city of Argos and killed by a soldier. He was forty-six years old at his death, in the year 272, B. C.

(To be continued.)



SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS.

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

The townsfolk at Bear River are saddened by a shipping catastrophe which has sent six of their young men into a watery grave. Three of them were Army soldiers.—Victoria corps has been visited by Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, of the States, who chose this unselfish way of spending their honeymoon.—A brother at Glace Bay declared that he felt uncomfortable in the meeting in his starched collar and appeared the following night in a red guernsey.—The people appreciate the War Cry at the above corps, some of the friends paid 50 and 25 cents for a copy.—Omemee is rejoicing in a renovated barracks. Our correspondent affirms it is fit for a visit from the General or Commissioner now.—Salvation efforts have been carried on by Sudbury comrades among the workers in the neighboring copper mines. They were well received.—Our correspondent from St. Catharines sends us his report in verse with a request that we will print it upside down. We, however, thought its present form more intelligible.—Total number reported at the penitential form for the week, 80.

PACIFIC.

28 Corps—2 Reports.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, from Tacoma, on their honeymoon trip. Ensign is a splendid musician, and led Saturday night's meeting, also assisted Staff-Captain on Sunday. Meetings real good. One or two souls forward.—M. L.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—During the last three weeks we have seen the sin-blighted soul seek pardon, we have seen the poor backslider return to his God, we have seen the cool, half-hearted Christian catch the fire. We have a band of ten Blood-washed warriors blowing salvation music. Then we have had a visit from Ensign Bloss, also a coffee social and a big banquet.—B. Norman, R. C.

NORTH-WEST.

33 Corps—6 Reports.

LISBON, N. D.—We have had Adj. Barr and Capt. Siverts with us for a week. Spent a very enjoyable time. Praise God! Victory is ours! S.-D. is not feared.—Cora Russell, R. C.

MORDEN.—Three souls since last report. Last Sunday was wet, which interfered with our open-air meetings, but we asked and got permission to have an inside salvation meeting in a hotel, and while that was going on an old gentleman made arrangements with another proprietor of a hotel to let us have one there, and so we were one meeting ahead.

CALGARY.—Two souls sought and found the Saviour this week. S.-D. is all the talk now, and we are going to hit our target.—L. O. Benson, Capt.

BRANDON.—Three souls came forward for salvation Wednesday night and one Sunday night. The Spirit of God is working and we are happy in the knowledge of His presence.—E. Hayes.

RAT PORTAGE.—Five souls in past two weeks. Ensign and Mrs. Habbick away on a trip to Rainy River. Cadets led the Wednesday night's meeting, and Lieut. McCounel took the meeting on Thursday night.—M. E. H.

WINNIPEG, Man.—Glorious meetings all day yesterday, led by Major and Mrs. Southall. One brother out for the blessing of a clean heart, although no one in the night meeting when we closed at about 11 o'clock. We believe we shall see the results later on.—Jennie M. Giles, Cadet.

WEST ONTARIO.

38 Corps—4 Reports.

BLLENHEIM.—We have reached our S.-D. target of \$100. I collected \$6. I am bombarding the railway station and the houses, and everyone I meet on the street. I also sold 115 War Crys during S.-D. I enjoy my work for God in the Army immensely.—Ina Groom.

DRAYTON.—Good meetings all week. Sunday night many souls were convicted though none yielded. Good crowd. Everyone believing for an outpouring of God's Spirit.—R. Cooper.

NORWICH.—We have smashed our S.-D. target all to pieces. We were pleased to have with us on Sunday afternoon nee Capt. Rees, now Mrs. Cassler. God bless her.—Lieut. Edwards, for Capt. Hockin.

WATFORD.—We had some beautiful meetings yesterday, led by Capt. York, of Boston. Four souls came to the Cross.—Mrs. J. E. Collier.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—6 Reports.

SUDBURY.—We have had a visit from Ensign Burrows. We enjoyed it very much. The lantern service, "Poor Mike," was well appreciated by all. Splendid meeting at Copper Cliff and also at Mount Nickle Mine, where a building was kindly lent to us by Mr. Clark. We find the miners indeed a kind-hearted lot of people. God bless them. Sunday was a day of blessing. We had an enrolment of recruits, and saw two souls at the Cross.—Captain Stephens and Lieut. McLennan.

OMEMEE.—We have had Brother Moore with us from Lindsay. He has been papering and painting the barracks. Now it is fit for the General or Commissioner to sit in, and wouldn't we be glad to see them. Bro. Moore deserves praise for the way it is finished, also Capt. Lott and Lieut. Norcott for the way they helped. Mrs. Brigadier Howell with us the past three weeks. We were much blessed by her visit. She was one of the first that helped to open fire in this place. On Friday we had a soldiers' tea, at which Adj. Fox, of the Lindsay District, was present.—Reg. Cor.

UXBRIDGE.—The enemy was routed out of his trenches, and put to flight, losing five of his people, who have decided to enlist in King Jesus' army. The engagement took place Sunday and lasted all day, but victory came at last.—H. L., F. Y., C. O's.

YORKVILLE.—Heart-searching times on Sunday. Major Collier and Adj. Attwell leading. One soul sought and found the Saviour in the afternoon, and four at night. Self-Denial is all right up this way, everybody going like steam. Mrs. Colonel Jacobs is astonishing us all—she is out early and late. She will get her \$100 all O. K. Then there is plucky Adj. Welsh, who is in charge of the Eglinton Brigade. She is doing wonders.—A. Rose, Capt.

ST. CATHARINES.—

The war is still raging,
And God is still saving;
Another soul last night—
Yours in the fight,

Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

LISGAR ST.—A glorious day on Sunday, closing our S.-D. Week, reinforced by Adj. and Mrs. Adams at night. Everyone shouting happy, with eight souls at the Cross. A man and his wife started for heaven together.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickells.

EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC

37 Corps—2 Reports.

BURLINGTON.—Good week-end. Two dear brothers yielded their all to God and got beautifully saved from drink, tobacco, and sin of all kinds.—Capt. Brown, and Lieut. Carter.

KEMPTVILLE.—Since coming here we have been favored with a visit from Major Hargrave, which everyone enjoyed and appreciated. We can also report souls getting saved, crowds and collections increasing. Altogether, things are looking up.—Lieut. McEwan, for Capt. Ruth Crego.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—4 Reports.

ST. JOHNS II, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of power and blessing. God saved nine souls. They danced and praised God when the burden of sin rolled from their hearts. War Crys all sold.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

CHANNEL.—Two victorious weeks have passed since our arrival at Channel. On Sunday our meetings were well attended. The power of God was in our midst and at night we were able to rejoice over three souls who had stepped from darkness into light. Self-Denial is upon us. We are counting on the victory.—S. Winsor, Capt., K. Ridout, Lieut.

MORTON'S HARBOR.—Our Lieutenant has farewelled for Indian Arm. There was a good crowd along to the meeting, although it was a snowy night. Our Junior work is being a great success and we are believing for greater victories in the future. Our faith is high for Self-Denial.—L. Barnes.

TILT COVE.—A hard battle was fought on Sunday. After a red-hot prayer meeting for about two hours one soul came to the Fountain that cleanses.—L. Smart, R. O.

EAST.

54 Corps—7 Report.

SYDNEY.—Although not any souls saved since last report, our crowds are increasing and people are becoming interested. We are believing for a mighty upheaval. We are in for smashing our S.-D. target by hitting it fair in the centre. Quite a few of our Newfoundland comrades are over and helping us out quite a bit.—K. C. D., Lieut.

ANNAPOLIS.—Everyone is in for victory over sin and the devil. Sunday night meeting grand. Large crowd, collection good, two souls.—M. R., R. C.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—This week all our War Crys were sold out. Sunday the battle was one of desperate earnestness, and we closed with two prisoners captured.—Geo. Hudson and Low Sharp-ham.

WINDSOR, N. S.—We have had the joy of seeing the return of four backsliders. Our officers have come back from a week of councils at St. John filled with the Spirit and the Self-Denial theme. Capt. Tilley gave us a Sunday, also Lieut. Cowan, who is home for a short visit. Together they helped to make it an interesting and profitable day.—Treas. McPhee.

ST. JOHN III.—Our meetings have been quite exciting of late, including farewell meetings, welcome meetings, and, best of all, soul-saving meetings. The Major made a visit, bringing him Staff-Capt. Taylor and wife Ensign Miller. The Chancellors welled to take up their fighting quarters in Montreal. Capt. Newell, who has been sick for some time, forced way to the front of the battle, uttered words of encouragement, counting our victories we find 13 saved from sin and backsliding.—W. Marshall.

GLACE BAY.—After a stay of months Ensign and Mrs. Larder farewelled. During their stay in Bay God's Kingdom has been extended, souls have been saved, backsliders claimed, and corps placed in a fighting position. The H. P. efforts a sweeping victory, and the Ensign just rejoicing over the prospect of greater victories for Self-Denial. He was ordered to take charge Chatham Corps and District. have been succeeded by Capt. and Thompson. We have had some beautiful times already in our soldiers' sings. In one of them one of the diers testified that he felt uncomfortable in his starched shirt, and next night came along with his guernsey on. Captain is a great War Cry boy. Last Saturday he did not have one for meeting, and many of the friends were dissatisfied at not getting a One friend gave 50c. and several for a copy of the War Cry. Sergt. Major Morrison has also increased sales. We are in for victory in S.-D.—Sergt.-Major.

BEAR RIVER.—Our hearts are sad when we think of the six young men who left our town for Boston that we shall never see their faces hear their voices again. The vessel which they sailed was found off Ann dismasted and bottom side up after 14 days nothing has been heard of the crew. Among the men were Salvationists—George Ford, John A. and Ralph Morine. The latter got in Boston just the trip before. Souls have been won for God since report.—E. A. M., Sec.

YOU LIKED

Last year's Xmas Number

DIDN'T YOU?

Well, you won't be disappointed with this year's

Special Xmas War C

ORDER AT ONCE.

Kingliness of Service.

"Ah, to be prince!" sighed the boy for the popular crown! Surely, the king's highway knoweth thorn nor frown." "Boy," said the ruler benign, "ra: the sceptre and throne; Rarer the paths of ease that lead conqueror's own. He that would feast with the king with his soldiers be fed. He that would lead and command must obey and be led. He is a hero that tries; kingdom thrones are his fief. Willing for service he reigns; men call him their chief."

—Frank Walcott H

Goodness is beauty in its best es Marlowe.



"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go forth and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain." (John xv. 16.)

If you possess the life of the Spirit you will be a fruitful Christian. A fruitful life means two things: Soul-winning and loving.

What is soul-winning? There are different kinds of soul-winning. One is used in the conversion of souls. Another is helping sick ones, with the comforting words of Christ; cheering up discouraged ones, bringing back backsliders, giving cheerful words to those who are down-cast, explaining the love of God to those who have harsh thoughts about Him, and in this way winning souls to God. This is all called soul-winning. The former is soul-winning in one direction, the latter in another. Some people are under the impression that those who win souls for Christ—that is, who bring unconverted souls to Christ—are soul winners. Certainly not. As long as you win souls to Christ, whether in one way or another, it is soul-winning.

I have heard many Christians say that they have never been used by God in the conversion of souls, since they began to serve God. They make this mistake, because they do not know exactly what soul-winning is.

Friends, have you been winning any souls for Christ since you have been converted? Have you cheered any down-cast ones? Were you the means of bringing any backslider to the feet of Christ? Have you encouraged any sick ones in the hospital—any one who had lost hope? Have you ever helped any one by giving them a word of cheer at the right time? Have you never encouraged any one by your talk, look, smile, prayer? That is soul-winning.

Another kind of fruitful life is to let your light shine out for Christ in your daily life. This is called love.

There are three kinds of love:

1. Human love.
2. God's love.
3. Christ's love.

1. Human love means that you love those who love you.

"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" (Matt. v. 46.)

If they invite you, you invite them. If they do not love you, you do not love them. That is human love. If you have this love it is not the outcome of the abundant life. This is only a natural love, common to all people—even skeptics, agnostics, Mohammedans, and Hindoos have this love. Do not boast that this is the fruit of the abundant life.

2. God's love—Jesus Christ Himself. God is love, and He had love in His heart towards the world, which He showed to it by giving His only child. Have you received this love by faith? If you have not this love, you are not a Christian. All those who believe Christ and receive Him as their personal Saviour, have this love. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.)

3. Christ's love. This is called Christian love. If you possess Christ's love, you have the more abundant life, because this love is the outcome of the abundant life. Carefully see this point, lest you make a mistake.

This love has three marks:

(a) Christ's love is a constraining love. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one die for all, then were all dead." (II. Cor. v. 14.)

What is constraining love? Constraining love is not a pumped-up love—not trying to love a person, but you are enabled to do so, and it becomes natural. It is the outcome of the abundant life. When you possess this life it will not be difficult for you to love anybody; you cannot help but love. Your love becomes natural, and you take pleasure in it, you enjoy it—it will never be hard. That is the love that Christ had; that is the love the Disciples had after Pentecost. That is what made them stand for the Lord and love all people, all sects, all denominations, whether low or high, educated or uneducated—all in one—Christ Jesus.

This constraining love is Christ's love.

If so be you have not got this, you try to love, but cannot; you try to speak, but cannot speak; you find it hard, you say it is one of the trying things of your life; then you have not got this constraining love, and that shows you have not this abundant life.

The next mark in Christ's love is:

(b) It is a love that passeth knowledge. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 17, 18, 19.)

What do you mean by this love that "passeth knowledge?" It is beyond all the knowledge of all B. A.'s, or M. A.'s and beyond the knowledge of all intellectual power. No mere brain man can understand your love, it is not Christ's love; but when people marvel at your love, that is the result of this more abundant life. A natural man cannot make you out, because Christ says it "passeth knowledge." Have you this love? Do you love all people? Those who are shabby, low in station, and poor? Do you love them? And do you love your enemies, that is, not only bearing what they say, but truly love them in return? If you do, that is the love that passeth knowledge.

The next mark of Christ's love is:

(c) It is never-failing.

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." (I. Cor. xiii. 8.)

With this love, you love others at all times. There will never be any difference. You will love a person whether he is well off, or badly off. Now-a-days, many love others when they have plenty of money, when they are doing good business; but when they are badly off they do not know them, nor do they like to speak to them. This is not Christ's love. They recognize all well-to-do people, all rich people, and educated people, if they were their nearest relations, but when they see any of them fail in their business, or become poor, they do not recognize them. This is not Christ's love.

A never-failing love will love a person all the days of his life, under all circumstances, whatever befalls him. Have you got this love? Can you honestly say that you have this never-failing love? Do you love all poor people? Do you love people who have met with adversities the same way as you loved them before? If not, your love is not Christ's love, and you have not got this fruitful life. When you possess this love, you cover over other people's sins in love, and will talk only of their good qualities if they have any. You will not carry tales and speak about them here and there, but you will go and speak of their faults to them straight to their face, and never betray their secrets to others. Not only that, you won't have any fear of man. Ask God to examine you. If you don't possess this love you have not got this life more abundant.

MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHTER.

LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fire to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!

Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a veil of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!

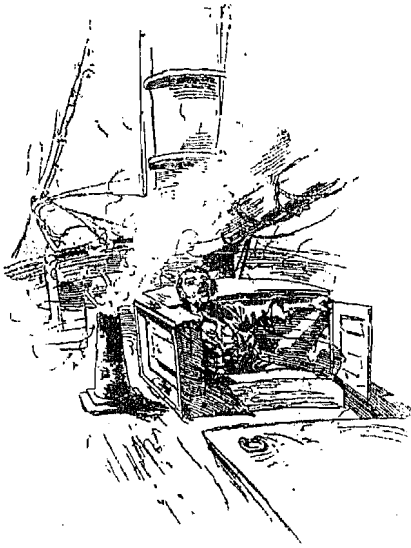
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver.

Show them how dark sorrow's stream,
Blends with Hope's bright river,
And the world's a garden,
Not a wilderness.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE
DEEP SEA.

By A. L. E.

A STORY IN THE XMAS CRY.



A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE NORTH SEA.

An original story in English, by a Dane.

SEE XMAS WAR CRY.

News from Mid-Ocean.

BERMUDA.

Of late we have had a good many farewells. Capt. Welsh, of Somerset, after over two years' faithful warfare in Bermuda, bade us good-bye, and on Oct. 30th left by S. S. Trinidad for U. S. A., on furlough.

Lieut. Martin, who has also been in Bermuda for over two years, and is much loved by all, left on Nov. 12th, by S. S. Beta, for St. John, N. B., on furlough.

On Nov. 19th, Cadet Birch, of St. George's, left Bermuda, by S. S. Beta for Jamaica, she being the first colored soldier to enter the field from Bermuda. No doubt many others will follow her example.

Then comes the farewell of thirty fine military lads who belong to the Salvation Army Military League. They expected they were going to Halifax, N. S., and were making great plans of how they were going in red-hot to boom the Salvation war, etc. Then came orders to sail to England. This to them would be a pleasant surprise could they but land there and see their friends, etc., but many of them expect that after landing the sick comrades, women and children, they will proceed to the battle's front in South Africa. God bless them. Your humble servant will never forget the farewell of our Leaguers in the Worcester Regiment. The boys could not keep back the tears as they left Hamilton wharf for the troopship, Nov. 28th. May the dear Lord go with them. The Leaguers' motto is "Love shall conquer."

We had scarcely got over the sad feeling of saying good-bye to our Leaguers when Lieut. Hinson came into the quarters with sad news that his brother was drowned. May God bless the Lieutenant and Hinson family, and uphold them in this time of trial and sorrow.

The 1st West India Regiment, who have just come from Sierra Leone, are now stationed at Bermuda. We have had little cards printed and handed around among the men, with the following words:

THE SALVATION ARMY,
BERMUDA.

extend a hearty welcome to the soldiers of the
WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

We will be pleased to have you attend our meetings when you can.

Already we find some good Christian men, and, thank God, a few who belong to our Army. We had five on the platform at Hamilton Sunday night, one being a native of West Africa. They all spoke with power. One brother who is an ex-officer came to Jesus. Our faith is up for many more in the new regiment.

Most of the Naval lads are in for the

winter. See Flory, of H. M. S. Terror, Pte. Fewson, of H. M. S. Buzzard, and Happy Ted Miller, of the Flagship Crescent, and Bro. Hastings and others make things hum when they get together.

We are delighted with the news that Commissioner is coming to Bermuda in January, 1900. She will receive a great welcome.—Yours in the Blood-and-Fire, G. Miller, D.O.



Ensign Hoddinott is stirring things up in the W. O. P. in connection with the G. B. M. He has just appointed the following new Local Agents: Sister Virtue, Windsor; Bro. Fuller, Sisters Fuller, Fields, and Yeomans, Chatham; Bro. J. Wade, Wardsville, and Sister Mrs. Patchett, Wallaceburg. With this additional staff Lazarus should stand a good show in the W. O. P.

There have been several other appointed in the other Provinces as well: Mark Piercy, Cornwall; J. B. Wooster, Miami, Man.; Emily Ollmer, Falkenburg; Sister Golden, Lippincott St.; and M. Turnetine, Sheridan, Wyo. They will look after the pennies for Lazarus in their respective Provinces.

Ensign Parker writes: "I went into Mr. Kyte's store, at Cornwall, and asked him for his box, it was put away on a shelf. I had found many empty boxes put away, but this box it was packed, it was shaken together, it was jammed down till it could hold no more, then stored away to await the Agent's call, but somehow the Agent missed calling. Agents, take warning and hunt up every box. That one contained \$2.55. Surely this Kyte is a high flyer for the G. B. M."

Ensign Burrows always seems to have some good news. While up North he had a meeting at Mt. Nickle Mine. The miners worked nearly all night on the previous night to get a place ready for the lantern service. They spent a very enjoyable time, and the Ensign had a good lift financially. He also reports three for salvation, and an enrolment of four recruits at Sudbury, and one out for holiness at the S.-D. half-night of Huntsville.

Read what the same individual says about Bracebridge: "Our meetings in Bracebridge surpassed anything that I have ever witnessed since my present appointment. Praise God. Meetings good all day, with 13 souls—four at 11 a.m., three at 3 p.m., and six at night. Some of the comrades were actually running over with joy. Glory to God, He was with us!"

Ensign Andrews expects to sail for Bermuda about the 20th of December. He is closing up early, but by what he has written the Financial Secretary, he intends at that early date to leave every other Province in the rear this time. Oh, what a target he has set, and he says he expects to get it. If I only dare tell the others, but then it won't do to tell stories out of school, but you wait.

A few things we would like:—All Agents to send us in some notes like the above. There is surely something interesting everywhere. Send particulars of any special times in meetings.

Anything special in connection with the collecting of box cash, like the above, from Ensign Parker.

The photo and a short life sketch of any of your Agents or box-holders, etc., etc.—T. H. C.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeaton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Our World-Wide War

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff led four sessions with the Local Officers of Manchester. They are reported as being of an exceptionally fine character.

The Indian Famine Fund grows. The latest Cry brings up the contributions to nearly \$6,000.

The Rev. J. J. Halley, Secretary of the Congregational Union in Victoria, called at L. H. Q. recently, and is visiting our City Colony operations before returning to Australia.

Mr. Mulholland, a friend of the Army's in America, also an admirer of the General and the practical results of his work, visited the Farm Colony some days ago, accompanied by Colonel Barker. He has since expressed his opinion about our work at Hadleigh in the following sentence: "Not a great possibility, not a great probability, but a great actuality."

The Rev. Mr. Soper (Mrs. Bramwell Booth's brother) paid a visit to our Blackfriars Shelter with Colonel Barker. He expressed himself much pleased with all he saw, took note of the men coming in, and afterwards addressed 400 of them, taking for his subject, "God is able."

UNITED STATES.

The Commander's special holiness meetings in New York City are meeting with continued success. "The Policy of Expansion," was the subject of the latest.

A fine and valuable property has been secured in the City of Buffalo for a Rescue Home. It will accommodate 30 girls, and, though valued at \$80 per month, is being let to us for \$40 per month.

The Editor-in-Chief, Colonel Brewer, is continuing his trip to Europe in the Cry. He takes us to Glasgow, and gives us a stirring report thereof.

Colonel Sowton has returned to New York after a tour round the Scandinavian and German corps.

One of the last acts of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt before leaving Newport, was to forward the officer in charge of the work there a cheque for \$25.

INDIA.

Commissioner Higgins is at present on tour visiting the Madras and Telugu, South Indian and Ceylon Territories.

Major Jang Bahadur, who is on furlough, from India, in Sweden, has been on tour specialising on behalf of the Swedish Self-Denial. He reports great blessing, spiritual and financial.

Major Sukh Singh (Blowers) sends a glowing report of the Salvation War in the Telugu country, under Major Gnana Prakasm. At one meeting 110 souls, and at another 86 adults and 50 Juniors were enrolled.

The Government of Ceylon has recently shown its sympathy, by granting us the following privileges: 1. License to marry our officers. 2. To visit prisoners in jail. 3. By granting a petition on behalf of certain oppressed people.

Our appeal on behalf of famine-stricken India has met with a generous response from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Sums varying from a few shillings to a hundred pounds have been received, many of them the outcome of much self-denial. One letter, signed, "A Poor Washerwoman," has enclosed ten shillings—five for India and five for the Children's Breakfast Fund. Two little lads, Stewart and Donald, have sent their savings towards a bicycle each in a sum of fifteen shillings, "deciding to

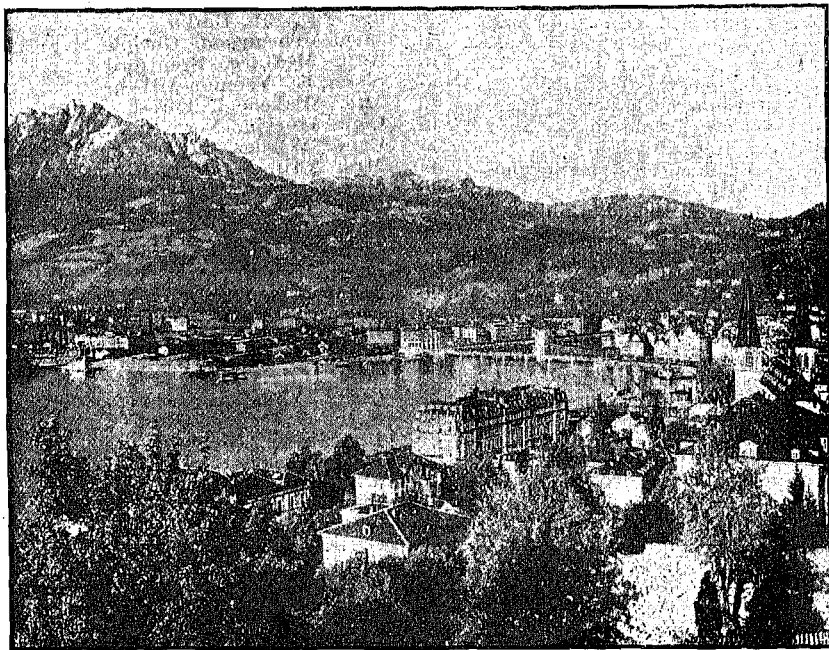
forego that pleasure a little longer in order to alleviate in some degree the sufferings of India's boys and girls."

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The General is spending a fortnight in the French Territory, visiting Paris, Nimes, Berne, Basle, and Chaux de Fonds.

The sale of the En Avant in the cafes, though a very hard trial, is often accompanied with great blessing. Many instances of real conversions brought about by these sales are reported in the French War Cry.

On Thursday, Nov. 9th, the seventh corps of the French capital was formally opened. Majors Jeannonod and Chate-lain conducted the proceedings.



Lucerne, Switzerland.

The Rev. Mr. Rollier, a staunch friend of the Army, conducted with success several meetings in the corps of Switzerland lately.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has sent \$750 to help swell the Indian Famine Fund.

Two other cities in Switzerland have opened their doors to the Army. They are Soleure and Kreuzlingen.

ITALY.

Brigadier Percy Clibborn has opened fire in the old city of Pisa. A telegram announces that the opening service was attended by a sympathetic crowd. The officers are expecting great things from the new corps.

An important council of war took place recently in Turin.

The war is progressing all over the country. Officers and soldiers are full of enthusiasm and greatly encouraged in their efforts.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The last number of the Spanish War Cry publishes a superb cut of the General and Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bonnett, of the Argentine Republic are visiting the Old Country, more especially the different branches of the Army Social Work.

The work in La Plata is rapidly growing. The meetings are well attended and the greatest sympathy is shown by everyone.

At Santa Fe ten recruits are waiting for the visit of Brigadier Pearce to be enrolled under the Army Flag. At Paysandu Capt. Thomas has organized a special visiting brigade. It has already helped us much. A special feature of its mission is the reclaiming of backsliders. The idea is worthy of imitation.

From La Boca del Riachuelo a telegram announces an enrolling of soldiers by Brigadier Pearce in a splendid meeting.

The Army has been violently attacked by a paper of La Plata, published under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. These persecutions always bring to light the true children of God and followers of Christ, and push them forward for victory.

FINLAND.

Nearly every corps has its sewing circle, where friends and comrades unite in the work.

The 10th Anniversary of the S. A. in Finland is to be celebrated immediately after Self-Denial Week.

The steam kitchen in Norrköping is prospering also, business being twice as large as six weeks ago.

It has been decided to open a Woman's Shelter in Stockholm, there being a great need for it.

ICELAND.

Lieut. Sveinsson reports good times. Souls have been saved. Altogether the work in Isafford is very encouraging.

Self-Denial is now well in hand and the officers all over the country are very hopeful and determined to have success.

Three new places are being opened, namely, Birarbakka, Stokkuri, and Akranes. Great hopes are entertained for these places.

About 600 people are to be found a round our open-air every night. Meetings well attended.

NOTANDA.

Adj. and Mrs. Shaw report good times at Georgetown, British Guiana. On a recent Monday night, without any special attraction, they had 120 in the march. The Adjutant says they are a lovely lot of soldiers, willing to do anything for God.

The War Cry circulation in Jamaica is rising steadily. There are some famous boomers among the lassie officers, two of whom sell three hundred copies per month, and this is in tiny hamlets, where the populations are very scattered.

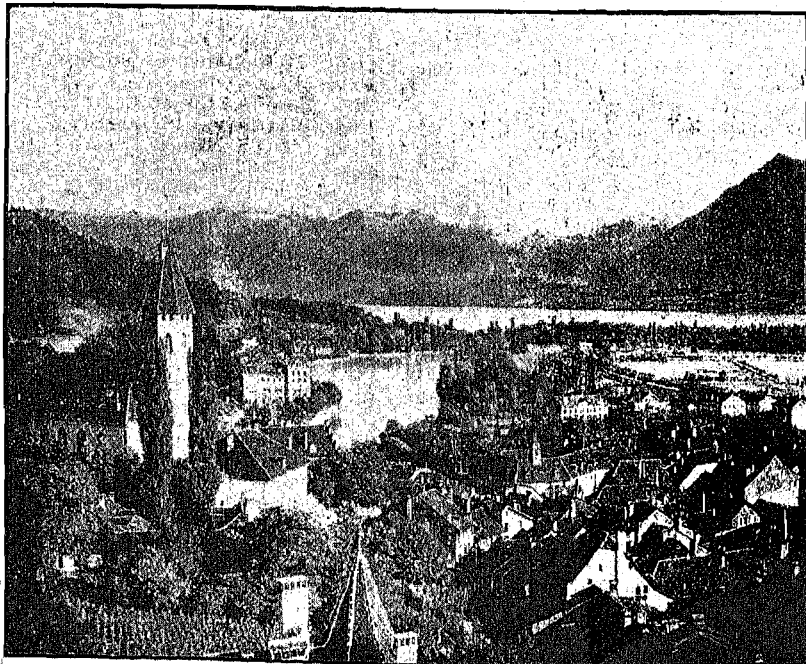
Staff-Capt. Stevens, the War Cry's correspondent at Cape Town, sends to the English Cry a picture of the Army's position as it now stands. A picture of the Salvation Army in larger at Kimberley is promised for the next issue. Commissioner Kilbey's name is on the committee list for relieving the distressed.

YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be,
Think He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way as best:
Out in the fight, or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are.—Chaplin.



Thun and the Bernese Alps, Switzerland.

HUSTLERS'

RENDEZVOUS.

TORONTO IS SAFE.

THE COMBINED ATTACK A SIGNAL FAILURE.

Lack of Ammunition the Cause.

THE EASTERN STAR'S BRILLIANCE.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province - - 103
West Ontario Province - - - 90
East Ontario Province - - - 83

December 5th.—A press message from the besieged city bearing the above date reports, "All well. A desultory fire has been steadily maintained by the enemy for some weeks, doing little damage. Their aim is good, but the shells do not burst. We have plenty of food and ammunition. The troops are in excellent spirits. No losses."

Regarding the united assault by the West Ontario Battalions on Toronto, we are not in a position to give our readers much information. It is evident, though, that preparations are being steadily pushed forward for a decisive blow. The great need of the moment is ammunition. Both London and Montreal are endeavoring to despatch a large quantity, and then hopes will be expressed for the success of the assault.

Press despatch, bearing date Dec. 4th.—The rumored fall of Toronto and the capitulation of the besieged Garrison is without foundation. The rumor is supposed to emanate from an over-anxious correspondent.

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 112 N.-W. - - 51
Pacific - 30
Nfld. - - 14
Klondike - 3
Totals, - 112 98

I am proud to say that the honors are with the Eastern Star this week. Major Pickering has evidently made up his mind to escape the awful humiliation of being pilloried, and he shows sound horse-sense, too. I can hardly dwell upon the horrors of this severe method of castigation without a shudder.

I send my gilt-edged compliments to Ensign Bloss, the new arrival at Spokane, and assure him of my well-wishes. Let's have a regular Klondike hustle, Ensign.

The North-West War Whoop has passed all previous records by its 51 pace. Keep a-hustling, and I'll say a few good words on your behalf.

A clipping from a corps report from Glace Bay, in this week's issue, is worth repeating in this column. I give it wholesale: "The Captain is a great War Cry boomer. Last Saturday he did not have one left for meeting, and many of the friends were dissatisfied at not getting a copy. One friend gave 50c., and several 25c. for a copy of the War Cry. Sergt.-Major Morrison has also increased his sales." Such a serious state of things would warrant an immediate rise, I should say. Push on, Sergt.-Major M. I'm with you every time.

If the War Cry needed a substantiation and wholly impartial recommendation, I should refer it to the following letter:

"Redwing, Nov. 20th, 1899.

"Dear friend,—Please find enclosed one dollar, for which renew my subscription to the War Cry. I have been reading it for about thirteen years, the first part of the time buying whenever

I could. I could not get it regularly, so some two or three years ago I commenced taking it by the year. I have received more than the money's worth in pleasure and in real, solid blessing while perusing its pages. I love the 'get and go' there is about it. When I am done reading it I send it to friend. Some of them are away on Bush Mountain, in Manitoba. They are greatly pleased with it. God bless the War Cry, and the Salvation Army.—From your old Methodist friend, Peter Dolson."

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. 103 Hustlers.

Mrs. Pearce, Temple 100
Lieut. Gravett, North Bay 75
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines .. 75
Capt. Charlton, Barrie 70
Capt. Rennie, Orillia 70
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket ... 70
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St. 70
Capt. Hurst, Richmond St. 65
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound 65
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II. 65
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound 65
Capt. White, Riverside 61
Treas. Killingbeck, Lindsay 57
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt 55
Mrs. Medlock, Temple 50
Sister Lighthouse, Hamilton I. 50
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley 50
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville 46
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury 45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury 45
Capt. Nelson, Brampton 45
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside 45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines .. 44
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside 43
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Collingwood .. 42
Capt. Connors, Dundas 40
Capt. Gammidge, Dundas 40
Capt. Bowers, Meaford 40
Lieut. A. Stickells, Meaford 40
Thomas Boyer, Bracebridge 39
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound 37
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville 35
Cadet Peacock, Lippincott 35
Capt. Palling, Little Current 35
Father Dixon, Temple 35
Lieut. Pattenden, Little Current ... 35
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I. 34
Cadet Christopher, Lippincott 33
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville 33
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge 31
Capt. Pattenden, Lippincott 30
Capt. Hanna, Aurora 30
Cadet Bishop, Temple 30
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I. 30
Bro. Case, Hamilton I. 30
Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines 29
Capt. Darrach, Fenelon Falls 27
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville 27
Sister Nellie Richards, Lindsay 27
Hattie Funston, Lindsay 27
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville ... 26
Capt. Capper, Peversham 25
Lieut. Edwards, Peversham 25
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville 25
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville 25
Lieut. Paxton, Gravenhurst 25
S. M. Hinton, Oakville 25
Pearl Hinton, Oakville 25
Capt. Meeks, Brooklyn 25
Lieut. Young, Uxbridge 25
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II. 25
Capt. Clink, Hamilton II. 25
Emily Howell, Riverside 25
Sister Sherwood, Collingwood 25
Cadet Carley, Lippincott 25
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott 25
Mrs. Hanna, Aurora 25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I. 25
Bro. Murchison, Markdale 25
Capt. Cornish, Collingwood 24
Bro. Smith, Midland 24
Capt. Welch, Barrie 24
Capt. McClelland, Collingwood 23
Capt. Lott, Omemee 23
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St. 23
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St. 23
Sister Tuck, Lisgar St. 22
Bro. Tuck, Lisgar St. 22
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott 22
Adj. Fox, Lindsay 22
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge 22
Cadet McGregor, Temple 22
Cadet Leggot, Temple 21
Cadet Groombridge, Temple 21
Capt. Huskinson, Midland 21
Lieut. E. Stickells, Midland 21
Father Curry, Hamilton II. 21
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II. 20
Sister T. Kennedy, Yorkville 20
Cand. Garden, Yorkville 20
Cadet Plant, Temple 20
Cadet Feacy, Temple 20
Cadet Marskell, Temple 20
Maudie Wessler, Hamilton I. 20
Capt. Banks, Hamilton I. 20
Mrs. J. Brown, Huntsville 20
Sister E. Martin, Huntsville 20
Sister Maudie Giddis, Fenelon Falls .. 20
William Small, St. Catharines 20
Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines 20
Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket 20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket 20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury 20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Lieut. Fyfe, London 192
Lieut. Ringler, Windsor 164
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham. 130
Ensign Gamble, Brantford 129
Capt. Burrows, St. Thomas 120
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe 100
Capt. Hellman, Chatham 100
Cand. Foster, Petrolia 100
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton ... 80
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy 73
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich 70
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll 66
Lieut. Maisey, Wingham 66
P. S. M. Schwartz, Galt 63
Capt. Hollett, Hespeler 60
Sister Allen, Mitchell 60
Capt. Gibson, Goderich 60
Sister Mrs. Richards, Guelph 60
Lieut. Stickells, Berlin 57
Capt. Hancock, Guelph 55
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia 55
Ensign Scott, Wallaceburg 50
Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim 50
Sec. McKenzie, Listowel 50
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg 47
Capt. Heaters, Tilsonburg 46
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston 46
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin 45
Adj. McAmmond, London 45
Capt. Coe, Sarnia 45
Capt. Carr, Wyoming 43
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy 41
Sister F. Erb, Berlin 40
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph 40
Adj. McIlarg, Brantford 40
Sister G. Yeomans, Hespeler 40
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest 40
Capt. Hockin, Norwich 40
Cand. Whales, Leamington 39
Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Brantford 37
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville 36
Capt. Pynn, Drayton 35
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgetown 35
Lieut. Harman, Seaforth 34
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll 34
Sister Mrs. Durrant, Galt 35
Ensign McLeod, Galt 33
Bro. Palmer, London 32
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg 30
Mrs. Harris, London 30
Capt. White, Bayfield 30
Sister O. Donnell, Galt 30
Ina Groom, Blenheim 30
Annie Whales, Essex 30
Mrs. Cutting, Essex 30
Lieut. Edwards, Norwich 30
Capt. Mathers, Ridgetown 28
Chris. Jacklin, London 28
Bro. Whittaker, Leamington 28
Sister Mrs. Close, Brantford 27
Daisy Bond, Wingham 27
Carrie McQueen, London 26
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville 25
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, London 25
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor 25
Mrs. Anderson, Watford 25
Capt. Bonney, Forest 25
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown 25
Capt. Huntington, Leamington ... 24
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll 23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor 23
Capt. Jarvis, Thedford 20
Sister Burns, Dresden 20
Bro. Christnor, Dresden 20
Capt. Green, Stratford 20
Ensign Green, Stratford 20
Mrs. Lott, Brussels 20
Mrs. White, Walkerton 20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell 20
Bro. Musgrove, Wrexeter 20
May Christler, London 20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll 20
Stanley Rumble, Blenheim 20
Sister Hockin, St. Thomas 20
Sergt.-Major Rose, Hespeler 20
Capt. Copeman, Watford 20
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia 20
Sister Quick, Strathroy 20
Mrs. Downing, Ridgetown 20
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa 119
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton 106
Ensign Staigers, Gananoque 104
Capt. French, Kingston 101
Adj. Kendall, Belleville 101
Ensign Ward, Kingston 100
Lieut. Langford, Ottawa 100
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport 100
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall 90
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke 90
Capt. Woods, Deseronto 88
Capt. McNaney, St. Johnsbury 85
Capt. Young, St. Johnsbury 85
Lieut. Brookets, Montreal I. 80
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg 80
Capt. Bloss, Prescott 80
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville 75
Capt. Pitcher, Arnprior 71
Capt. Brown, Burlington 70
Capt. Burch, Brockville 70
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope 70
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville 69
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook 65
Treas. Gillian, Renfrew 65
Mrs. Barber, Burlington 65
Sergt.-Major Simons, Kingston 63



Bill Sykes, who has been down on his luck: "Well, it ain't in my line, I know, but that girl with the War Crys, what comes into the saloons, has the kind of religion I likes. She tries 'ard to do the likes of me some good."

Bro. Moors, Montreal I. 60
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall 60
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee 58
Lieut. Almark, Belleville 51
Lieut. Long, Cobourg 50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg 50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. 50
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro 50
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall 50
Sergt. Richards, Montreal IV. 50
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec 50
Capt. Owen, Quebec 50
Capt. Downey, Montreal II. 47
Capt. Jones, Montreal II. 47
Lieut. McEwan, Kemptville 45
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield, 40
Capt. Grose, Trenton 38
Capt. Green, Perth 35
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro 35
Mrs. Hippers, Montreal II. 33
Ensign Jones, Picton 33
Lydia Phelps, Picton 32
Lieut. Newell, Peareton 32
Lieut. Crosier, Napanee 31
Sergt. Dine, Kingston 30
Sergt. Barber, Kingston 30
Capt. Dawson, Coaticook 30
Lieut. Cook, Coaticook 30
Capt. R. Crego, Kemptville 30
Sister Bliss, Ottawa 30
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth 27
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Tweed 26
Sister Horn, Montreal I. 2
Sister Phillips, Montreal I. 25
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV. 25
Lieut. Carter, Burlington 25
Sister Shepherd, Ottawa 25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place 25
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield 22
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro 20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro 20
Capt. Wright, Peterboro 20
Hannah Smith, Peterboro 20
Sister Brown, Montreal I. 20
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I. 20
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I. 2
Capt. Carter, Port Hope 20
Dad Duquette, Trenton 20
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed 20
Capt. Slater, Renfrew 20
Sister Simpson, Brockville 20
Nellie Mead, Burlington 20
Lizzie Berrie, Quebec 20
Maud Edmonds, Odessa 20
Mrs. Wells, Odessa 20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III. 20
Capt. Mitchell, Sunbury 20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

112 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mirey, St. John I. 150
Lieut. Martin, Hamilton 140
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown 125
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay 116
Sergt. White, Campbellton 110
Capt. Piercey, Sydney 100
J. Kelly, St. George's 100
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's 100
Capt. Goodwin, Calais 100
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow 100
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay 100
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton 100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor 100
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax 72
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth 70
Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton 70
S. M. Flood, Hamilton 70
Bro. Reid, St. John I. 70
Adj. E. McNamara, Charlottetown .. 67
Adj. Magee, North Sydney 67
Lieut. Murrough, Fairville 65

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER.

This is your opportunity to secure Christmas presents for your friends. These reduced prices are only good until December 31st, 1899.

Books.

	ORDINARY PRICE	REDUCED TO
Life of Mrs. Booth	3 00	2 00
(Postage, extra, 24c.)		
Life of Chas. G. Finney	\$0 60	\$0 40
Life of John Wesley	50	35
Life of General Booth, by Stead	15	10
Life of Captain Ted	30	18
Theological Lectures, by Finney	55	40
Scriptural Way of Holiness	35	20
Plain Account of Christian Perfection	10	5
General Booth's Letters	50	30
Godliness, by Mrs. Booth	60	45
Remarkable Narratives	1 00	75
Todd's Student's Manual	40	20
(Postage, extra, 8c.)		

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33 copies of Vol. II	75	60
4 " Vol. IV	1 00	75
5 " Vol. VI	1 00	75
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60 Bibles and Song Books Combined	3 00	2 00
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10 "	1 25	70
1 "	4 00	2 00
2 "	3 50	1 75
(Postage, extra, 8c.)		

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8 Thin Vest Pocket Testaments, excellent binding	65	37
80 Small Testaments, good binding	30	17
19 Pocket " "	65	37
15 " " "	75	42
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		

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A limited number of Special Song Books, selected, (sold only in doz. lots).. per doz.	50	18
60 Torches	25	15
200 Band Lamps (sold in lots of 6 only) each	85	40
9 pairs Socks	12 1/2	8
4 " Hose	30	23
4 suits Men's Fleece Lined Underwear....	2 00	1 55
3 Men's Undershirts	75	60
36 " Summer Drawers (small sizes)....	25	12 1/2
2 Ladies' Fleece Lined Vests	1 00	80
7 " Woollen Vests	60	45
17 " " "	32	25
(Sent by Express, collect.)		

This is all GOOD STOCK, but as we are not replacing the same line, we are anxious to clear it all off. The prices in many cases are considerably below cost. We can only fill orders up to limit of above list, so recommend you to get your orders in at once. Address

**TRADE SECRETARY,
SALVATION TEMPLE, TORONTO.**

Lieut. Embertson, Minnedosa	38
Mrs. Belmont, Minnedosa	38
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	38
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	30
Ensign Taylor, Regina	36
Lieut. D. Cusitar, Carberry	30
Lieut. Hagen, Brandon	30
Cadet A. Bristow, Rat Portage	28
Capt. Brandser, Lisbon	26
Capt. Smith, Larimore	26
Sergt. Meron, Lethbridge	25
Cadet Ferguson, Lisbon	25
Sergt. Mrs. Johnston, Selkirk	25
Capt. Campbell, Port Arthur	25
Capt. Lloyd, Grand Forks	23
J. S. S.-M. Walks, Valley City	23
Bro. E. Pilkham, Grafton	21
Capt. Halstein, Bismarck	21
Sister Hardness, Carberry	21
Capt. Westcott, Portage	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20
J. S. S.-M. Rice, Moosomin	20
Lieut. Draper, Larimore	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.	
Sister Smith, Rossland	225
Sergt. Glenn, Butte	225
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	186
Mrs. Adj. Hay, Billings	98
Lieut. Ellison, Vancouver	98
Lieut. Patterson, Victoria	92
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	90
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, New Westminster	80
Lieut. M. Ziebarth, New Whatecom	80
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	80
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	75
Lieut. Betts, Kalispell	70
Adj. Woodruff, Nelson	60
Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke	55
Capt. Scott, Helena	55
Capt. Walruth, Missoula	55
Capt. Miller, Nelson	55
Lieut. Floyd, Dillon	48
Capt. Southall, Missoula	46
Adj. Stevens, Helena	42
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	42
Sister Wallender, Rossland	40
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	34
Capt. Perrenoud, Kalispell	30
Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	28
Sister Kerby, Vancouver	24
Lizzie Cowie, Nanaimo	22
Cadet J. W. Bowyer, Mt. Vernon	25
Cadet R. Lauchlin, Mt. Vernon	20
Sister Sara Wessell, Victoria	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

14 Hustlers.	
Cand. Ludlow, St. Johns I.	60
Sergt. M. Childs, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Knight, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Sexton, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet E. Clark, St. Johns I.	35
Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns I.	30
Sister Newell, St. Johns I.	30
Cand. R. Baggs, St. Johns I.	20
Cand. M. Shute, St. Johns I.	20
Sister J. Parsons, St. Johns I.	20
Sister Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	20
Leander Smart, Tilt Cove	58
Cadet Thistle, Harbor Grace	25
Lieut. Reader, Bay Roberts	25

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.	
Adpt. McGill, Skagway	79
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	69
Mrs. Smith, Skagway	23

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 18 Albert St. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

JAMES L. HACKING. Age 50 years, height 5 ft. 3 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Cotton Mills, Merriton, Ont.

MRS. MARK METSON, or MARTIN. Last known address, in 1889, No. 17 Mare Street, Londonfields, Hackney, London. Any information will be gladly received by her daughter Mary, 64 Durocher Street, Montreal, Canada.

LOVE, MARY. Age 35. Former home in village of Hayden, Darlington Township, Ontario. Last heard of years ago at St. Vincent Street, Toronto. Sister Eliza, now Mrs. Saunders, anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CREW, WILLIAM. Age 36, short, dark eyes and hair, ruddy complexion. Occupation, steward on board a vessel which plies on the Niagara River, Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Sergt. Long, Summerside	65
Capt. Allan, Kentville	62
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	60
Adj. Fraser, Moncton	60
Mrs. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Cadet McLennan, St. John I.	60
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Smith, Truro	58
Lieut. Meikle, Newcastle	56
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen	55
Capt. Clark, Amherst	50
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	50
Lieut. Lebars, Amherst	50
Capt. Forwood, Truro	50
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	50
B. Lorrey, Canning	50
Capt. Lorimer, Carleton	49
Lieut. Veinot, Houlton	48
Cadet Rogers, St. John I.	48
Sister Churchill, Woodstock	48
A. Fawkes, Yarmouth	45
A. Rancey, Ridgetown	44
E. Rancey, Ridgetown	44
Lieut. True, Sackville	43
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	43
Lieut. Hebb, Hampton	42
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton	40
Capt. Lamont, Halifax	40
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	40
Lieut. Tudge, New Glasgow	40
Capt. Green, Sussex	40
F. Anderson, Somerset	40
Capt. Ritchie, Springhill	40
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Houlton	40
F. Adams, St. John I.	40
Lieut. Hawbold, Digby	37
Sergt. J. Irons, Windsor	37
Capt. Doyle, Sydney	36
Lieut. Ebsary, Carleton	35
C. Anderson, Somerset	35
Sergt. M. Wade, Hamilton	35
Capt. Trafton, Digby	35
Ensign McDonald, Springhill	35
B. Cosgrave, New Glasgow	34
Cand. Bennett, Somerset	34
Sister Raerail, Hamilton	32
Lieut. Hinson, Hamilton	31
Sister Racrell, New Glasgow	30
Mrs. Pelter, New Glasgow	30
Mrs. Aldrich, New Glasgow	30
D. Virgil, Southampton	30
S. Doughty, Somerset	30
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown	30
Sergt. Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
Sergt. Salters, Hamilton	30
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	30
L. Santuca, Hamilton	30
E. Kent, Bear River	30
Capt. Newell, Annapolis	30
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Chatham	29
Sister McDonald, New Glasgow	29
Bro. Johnson, St. George's	28
Sergt.-Major Selig, Halifax	28
Lieut. Kirk, St. John V.	27
S. Fisher, Halifax	27
Capt. Mills, Sackville	27
G. Grant, Somerset	25
Lieut. Dunscombe, Sydney	25
Cadet McWilliams, St. John III.	25
Sergt. A. Smith, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Doukey, Hamilton	25
Sister B. Sharpam, Springhill	25
Mrs. Squires, Springhill	25
Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Capt. Fancey, Hillsboro	25
Sergt. Fox, Yarmouth	25
Capt. Muttart, Bear River	22
B. McDonald, Halifax	21
Cand. Lebars, Fredericton	20
L. Lebars, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	20
M. Wilson, Halifax	20
Treas. Casbin, Halifax	20
M. Goodwin, Yarmouth	20
Capt. McElheney, St. John III.	20
S.-M. Chandler, St. John III.	20
S. McDonald, New Glasgow	20
Ensign Ebsary, Annapolis	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.	
Sister A. Heath, Portage la Prairie	145
Cadet Nuttall, Winnipeg	110
Cadet Giles, Winnipeg	94
Ensign Burton, Calgary	78
Capt. Meyers, Calgary	78
Annie Cook, Fargo	72
Bro. Harvey, Valley City	72
Mrs. Westcott, Portage la Prairie	70
Cadet McRae, Winnipeg	68
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	66
Mrs. G. Gilliam, Minot	66
Capt. Myers, Edmonton	66
Capt. Clark, Moosomin	60
Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	60
Capt. McKay, Devil's Lake	58
Lieut. Lenwick, Virden	56
Capt. Livingstone, Fort William	56
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Port Arthur	56
Sister Terrill, Grafton	52
Capt. Wilkins, Morden	50
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	50
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	46
Sister Kelly, Fargo	45
Sergt. Teeters, Lethbridge	42
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	42
Ensign F. Dean, Grand Forks	40
Lieut. Wilcox, Prince Albert	40
Lieut. Wicks, Lethbridge	40

Songs for all Meetings

The Fire of the Holy Ghost.

Tunes.—What's the news? (B.J. 12); In memoriam (B.J. 308); Christ for me (B.J. 308); Better world (B.J. 11).

1 Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame,
Send the Fire!
Thy Blood-bought gift to-day we claim.
Send the Fire!
Look down and see the waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
We want another Pentecost—
Send the Fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the Fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die,
Send the Fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin—
Send the Fire!

'Tis Fire we want, for Fire we plead—
Send the Fire!
The Fire will meet our every need—
Send the Fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white,
Send the Fire!

Strength to Conquer.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 203); Madrid (B.J. 176); Stella (B.J. 25).

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply!
New power I want, and strength, and light,
That I may conquer in the fight,
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength to conquer ev'ry foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless souls make known
The power that dwells in Thee alone;
And then, wherever I may go,
Thy power shall conquer ev'ry foe.

Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and eager heart-desire!
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And bring them forth Thy name to praise.

Because, wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to ev'ry foe.

Our Glorious Banner.

Tune.—Lift up the banner (B.B. 3, B.J. 252).

3 We'll shout aloud throughout the land
The praises of our God;
We'll fight beneath our flag unfurled,
Kept by the Precious Blood.

Chorus.

So we'll lift up the banner on high,
The salvation banner of love,
We'll fight beneath our colors till we die,
Then go to our home above.

Salvation shall be all our cry,
Whatever man may say;
We'll fight for God until we die,
We're bound to win the day.

Salvation soldiers still fight on,
Be more courageous still;
To God the world shall yet belong,
And bend its stubborn will.

All Aboard!

Tunes.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2); Glory, glory, Jesus saves me (B.J. 131, 2); You never can tell (B.J. 13, 3); This is why I love my Jesus (B.J. 104, 1).

4 The Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who wish to sail to Glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Chorus.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
"See the blissful port of Glory
Open to each faithful eye."

Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this mortal shore;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of Gospel grace;
Carrying every faithful sailor
To his heavenly landing-place.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Sail with us through life's rough sea;
Then, with us, you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

Come to the Cross.

Tune.—Sinner, see you light (B.J. 48).

5 Sinner, see you light,
Shining clear and bright
From the cross of Calvary,
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side,
Came the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.
Come away, come away—
To the Cross for refuge flee;
See, the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
When His brow was wet,
With bloody sweat,
In the Garden of Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands,
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away to Him
And confess your sin,
Come to Him Who died for thee:
To His feet draw near,
With heart sincere,
And from sin He'll set thee free.

Are You Ready?

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 10); Are you washed? (B.J. 210); The Saviour stands waiting (B.J. 17); Just like Him (B.J. 192).

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6 With a sorrow for sin,
Must repentance begin.
Then salvation, of course, will draw
nigh;
But till washed in the Blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath,
And His Blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie:
If you do not delay,
But repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done,
And the victory won,
We to mansions of Glory shall fly,
There eternally sing
To our Saviour and King,
For His love makes us ready to die.

A New Favorite.

Tune.—She was bred in old Kentucky.

7 From my God I strayed away, even
in life's early day,
Caring not for love which God to
me did show;
I my own way wished to choose, was
not willing life to lose,
And intent on having pleasure here
below.
I did seek and seek again, but, alas!
'twas all in vain,
Out of God my heart was never satis-
fied.
On my path a light did fall, from the
cross I heard a call,
Telling me that Jesus for my sins had
died.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus is the fairest that I ever, ever
knew,
He's my Saviour and my Leader as this
world I travel through,
He inspires me to keep fighting,
In His law I am delighting,
And I'll reign with Him by-and-bye.

In my heart 'twas dark as night, faith
had long since took its flight,
I was weary, sad and lonely, would
not pray;
But I felt as ne'er before, while God's
voice said o'er and o'er,
That forgiveness could be mine that
very day.
Then my tears did freely flow as the
Spirit laid me low,
And in simple faith confess my every
sin;
God's own hand me lifted up, let me
drink of joy's deep cup,
And I felt His pardoning love and
grace within.

Now, I ask of you to-day, Will you not
begin to pray
To your loving Heavenly Father? See,
He stands,
Asking you to stop and think ere you
reach the chasm's brink,
Pointing you to Jesus' bleeding heart
and hands!
Come and seek His proffered grace, come
and bow before His face,
Come and tell your guilt, your doubts,
your every fear.
Hark! His ear is now bent low, and
the blood doth freely flow,
He is waiting now thy wounded heart
to cheer.

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